The Man Of Galilee

See Fifth Page.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

THE MODERN ROMANS.

Under the slighting light of the yellow
sun of October,
Close by the side of the car track, a
gang of Dagos were working;
Pausing a moment to catch a note of
their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's im-
perial accents.
Broken-down forms of Latin words
from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musi-
cal lingua Romana.
Then the thought came, why, these are
the heirs of the Romans;
These are the sons of the men who
founded the empire of Caesar;
These are they whose fathers carried
the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ul-
tima Thule;
The race-type persists unchanged in
their eyes and profiles and figures.
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with
prominent noses, recalling
"Romanos rerum dominos gentemque
togatam."
See, Labinus is swinging a pick with
rhythmical motion;
Yonder one pushing the shovel might be
Julius Caesar.
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and
bald, a man of a thousand.
Further along stands the jolly Horatius
Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears,
see Cato, the censor.

On the side of the street, in proud and
gloomy seclusion,
Bossing the job, stood a Celt; the race
enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the markets of Rome to meet
the expenses of Caesar.
And, as I loitered, the Celt cried out,
"Warruk, ye Dagos!"
"Full up your shovel, Paythro, ye ha-
then! I'll dock yees a quarther."
This he said to the one who resembled
the great Imperator;
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on pa-
tiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the
centuries bring to the nations.
Surely the ups and downs of the world
are past calculation.
"Possibly," thus I thought to myself,
"the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us, in the
tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top, but time may
bring his revenges.
Turning the Fenians down, once more to
be bossed by a Dago."
—C. F. Johnson, in Hartford Courant.

A WINTER SIGN.

I know that winter's coming, now—
Not by the barren trees,
Nor yet the schoolboy's ruddy brow,
Bared to the bracing breeze;
I know it comes with rapid stride,
For, with a startling roar,
Calls grandpa, from the chimney side:
"Will someone shut that door?"

My timid neighbor makes a call,
As in the warmer days,
And through the dust of memory's hall
Our conversation strays;
She pauses, ere she passes out,
To have "just one word more"—
When bellows grandpa's angry shout:
"Why don't you shut that door?"

My minister comes tripping in,
With eyes that sadly roll,
To talk of all the arts of sin
That sorely press the soul;
Yet ere one stealthy foot hath trod
Upon the parlor floor,
Hath grandpa started from his nod,
And yelled: "Oh, shut the d-o-o-r!"

Though other polar signs may fail
To warn of coming storm,
And e'en the scattered, showering hail
Melt in the sunlight warm—
Away with doubt! I know full well
The season's here once more,
When paralyzed by grandpa's yell:
"Why don't you shut the d-o-o-r?"

I censure not his harmless rage,
By chilling senses tost,
Upon whose head the hand of age
Hath traced eternal frost,
I know 'twill be a lovely dream
Upon time's dreary shore,
When only memory hears him scream:
"Why don't you shut the d-o-o-r?"
—J. H. Mackley.

Our Stories.

Miss Dinker's Theft

No one ever knew how it was first discovered that Miss Dinker was a kleptomaniac; but it was a fact, and people made the best of it. Old Miss Dinker was tolerably well off, or her habit of appropriating other people's property would have got her into trouble. But Cumminseed was used to Miss Dinker. When she visited the village store, and put a piece of tape up her sleeve, the watchful shopman added its price to her bill. When she took a neighbor's forks the neighbor sent a polite message to Miss Jane Dinker to have them restored; and Miss Jane, who was old Miss Dinker's niece, would find them up chimney or down cellar, and restore them.

Old Miss Dinker knew that she was deserving of blame in thus indulging her desire for stolen fruit, but as she often remarked, when reasoned with, "she couldn't help it."

She was a generous old lady, too, and kindly, and if she thought Jane that man was a deceiver, and that spinsterhood was blessed, she meant well.

Captain Richard Murphy told another story when his ship lay in port, and he himself rested at a little hotel in Cumminseed. And Jane, won over by his merry voice and jolly ways, forgot her aunt's precepts, and one day ran away with him, leaving a penitent little note for her aunt, and begging her forgiveness.

The old lady was naturally indignant, but when, three days after, the captain brought Jane back under his arm, established her in a beautiful little house which he had purchased, and sent for "the old lady to make up," Miss Dinker relented, took tea with her niece, and deigned to approve of her choice; and so the village scandal was silenced for a while, and people called on Mrs. Captain Murphy.

They lived together for five years in great contentment, and a little boy was born to them, and all went prosperously; but at the end of that time, the sword that always hangs by a hair over the head of a seafaring man's wife, fell at last. The captain's vessel was a wreck, and the captain and crew perished in mid-ocean, and Jane, after hoping against hope, and refusing to believe when no one else doubted, and listening night and day for a step that came not and could never come, accepted the truth at last, and put on her widow's cap and took the awful truth in place of suspense, and tried to live and bear it for her boy's sake. Then there came from some far-off place a man who proved himself the captain's brother, and who claimed his property, alleging that Jane Dinker had never been married to him at all. Jane was furious, but she could only vow that a clergyman of the Episcopal church had married her. She could not remember the name of the church nor of its pastor, nor had she what the brother called "her lines." The marriage certificate, as she declared, the captain always kept among his private papers, and had taken to sea with him. She advertised in a New York paper for the clergyman who had performed the service, but no answer came; and finally the law and popular opinion declared that the widow had never been a wife, and she was left poverty-stricken and helpless, and not a friend in the world but old Miss Dinker. She came out nobly, though. Jane had been away with the captain to New York and was not to be accounted for for three days; and though she could not prove her marriage, old Miss Dinker insisted upon it that "she couldn't help being decent, with her bringing up."

Alas! all the rest of Cumminseed held a contrary opinion. They remembered "having thought it wasn't right." They shuddered at the thought of having associated with such a creature, and wondered how she had dared to impose upon them so. They sent her to Coventry, and tabooed her. I think some of the dear creatures would have tarred and feathered her if they could. Jane Dinker had the comfortable Yankee pride of "respectability" in its Yankee sense strong within her soul, and this scorn quite crushed her. She hid herself from human eyes as much as possible, and went thankfully home with old Miss Dinker, whose income had grown smaller in these years, and who really showed great generosity in taking her disgraced niece to her bosom.

But Jane, thankful as she felt, could not be glad to go. The old home seemed gloomier than ever, and the change was terrible. Then, after having plenty and to spare, to be a poor dependent, was very, very hard; to have nothing for her little boy's amusement, and to know that she would never be able to dress him as she had hoped; all this was hard to bear, though nothing like the shame and disgrace of her position; and to add to her unhappiness, Miss Dinker's peculiarity had developed itself immensely. And now that she had countenanced poor Jane, and opened her house to her, she also had lost her friends, and people grew hard upon her.

"You'll tell your aunt, Miss Jane, that I shall proceed to law if I lose another spoon," said one angry matron, to whom Jane had been forced to speak; and she, poor soul, flushed hotly and answered:

"You'll be kind enough to call me Mrs. Murphy, after this."

And the visitor retorted:

"You've about as much right to that name, I believe, as your aunt has to my spoons."

Poor Jane! It was very hard upon her.

So, when her boy grew older, there were children near by who, if he ventured into their company, were dragged away as though he had the plague. And when Jane would have placed him at the one good school, Aunt Dinker having silver the money, the lady who presided th... er gently hinted that it would not do.

And little Richard, clinging to her hand, asked, as they went home, "What is it, mamma?" Then poor Jane wished that she were dead.

Old Miss Dinker called in high dudgeon upon the schoolmistress, and remonstrated in vain. The fact that she stole a spelling book during her brief stay did not further her object. When a little boy was sent for it at dusk, Jane wished herself dead again. If only she could have had pride in anything or any one, she thought; but life was all shame to her.

"Oh, aunt! if you only wouldn't," she sobbed, and Aunt Dinker shook her head.

"Habits are hard to break," she said, "but I'll try. Only you oughtn't to be so hard on me, when I've stuck to you so." And then she revealed a plan which she had concocted for giving the boy an education. "I'll put him to the best school in New York," she said. "I'll keep the story that they tell—lie as it is—to myself, and I'll pay his bills regular. 'Taint likely I'm agoing to see him grow up without eddication. We'll make him a clergyman or a doctor. We'll snap our fingers in the faces of these critters. I'll take him up myself to-morrow, and he shall come down every Saturday night."

"I shall miss him so," said Jane. "But it's for his good, and thank you aunt."

So Jane spent the night in tears, and the morning Aunt Dinker went to the city, takig with her little Richard.

Jane suffered a great deal that day, and when at night she saw Aunt Dinker return alone, she could not find voice to speak to her. But the old lady was in good spirits. She sat down before the fire with her shawl on, and told Jane how pleased Richard was with the journey, and how Miss Speers had admired him. And Jane brought her her tea, and she took it sitting by the fire, but still kept her shawl on; and moreover the shawl looked curiously thick and bunchy.

Once before had Jane seen the same thing, and it had resulted in the appearance of somebody's work-box. Her heart misgave her.

"Aunty," she said, in trembling tones, "are you cold?"

"Not particularly," said Miss Dinker. "Then shall I take your shawl?"

"When I ask you to do so."

Jane was silent. Old Miss Dinker fidgeted. Finally Jane burst into reproaches.

"Oh, Auntie! couldn't you help disgracing my poor boy, to steal in New York, where they'll have no mercy on you, and at the school, where I hoped he could hold his head as high as any one? Oh, aunt, aunt!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jane. I've been a good aunt to you; and as for the school, I never touched a thing. I put my hands in my muff, and sat just so, and made a pile of it. And it's nothing much to make a fuss over, I took it a'most without thinking, it came so handy."

"What is it?" asked Jane, desperately.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Aunt Dinker; "and if they want it, they can have it—a shabby old thing. As I was going from the school-us to the depot, there came up a rain. I had on my best bonnit, so I looked about me, and there was a church open, and in I popped.

"Well, as I stood there, out came a gentleman that I knowed was the clergyman, and says he, 'Walk in, ma'am, and wait for the rain to be over. There's a fire in the vestry.' And he left me before the grate in the nicest little room. And I waited until the streets were dry. The sexton came and talked to me, and told how they'd been a weddin' there, and they'd just gone. And somehow, when I got into the street, this was under my shawl."

"She's committed sacrilege at last," cried Jane. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Tan't, neither," cried Aunt Dinker. "It's only a shabby old book." And as she spoke, she unfolded her shawl and tossed upon the table a dingy leathern tome, on the cover of which was marked in black letters:

"Marriage Register of St. Grace's Church. 1860—1873."

Jane seized upon it, with a low cry.

"St. Grace's Church," she said. "Aunt, aunt, that was the name. That was where I was married." And her trembling fingers turned over the pages; and her eyes sought out the date, and suddenly glittered with joy. "Here, here," she cried, "here! here! here!" and cast herself down upon the floor, and sobbed as she had never sobbed before for very thankfulness; while Miss Dinker, bending over the page, saw written there, in a plain, old-fashioned hand:

"On the twentieth of June, by me, Oliver Sparkle, Captain Richard Murphy to Jane Dinker, spinster, of the town of Cumminseed, N. J.

"Witness—E. Britters, Clerk."

When Jane Murphy arose from the floor, she was an altered woman. Proof of her matron dignity and of her boy's birthright was in her hands, and before the next sunset all Cumminseed knew the truth. The pastor of St. Grace's came from New York, at her summons, to swear to his book and his deceased predecessor's signature, and legal proceedings were instituted to restore the widow to her rights. Of course they were successful.

To-day no one is more respected in all Cumminseed than Mrs. Captain Murphy, although she has never quite forgiven her neighbors' cruelty. And Aunt Dinker, growing quite old and unable to go abroad, indulges her singular propensity by stealing napkins from the linen press. There is good in all things, Jane Murphy often says. She never will deny the shiners such great good cause to her of old Aunt Dinker's kleptomania.

The Bright Sunday School Pupil.

By some chance the tourist stayed in Sunday school. A young lady with a sweet face—and, unless the tourist's aging eyes deceived him, a stylish bonnet—was explaining the meaning of the word "missionary."

"Missionary," she said "is from the Latin missionarius, which means one sent."

She looked heavenly enough to inspire a whole cargo of missionaries, and seemed to possess enough learning for an entire lexicon, and the tourist did not doubt her.

"Now, Charley," she said to a little urchin, with shining morning face, "what is a missionary?"

"One penny."—Hartford Post.

A Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lucknow, a well known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of a person who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him.

"Oh," he said, "I gave him a broad hint."

"A broad hint?" repeatd the enquirer. "I thought he was one of those who could never be induced to take one."

"By ma saul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obleeged to take it! For as the chiel wadna gang oot at the door I just threw him out of the window!"—Youth's Companion.

The Meek Little Woman.

"I always mean to come to you for advice," said the meek little woman. "You never tell me wrong."

"What is it, dear?" asked the young husband, unconsciously straightening up with a proud sense of masculine superiority.

"Would you advise me to get my new coat in brown or dark blue?"

As it was the first he had heard of the proposed garment, he had to take time to consider.—Indianapolis Journal.

It Was Hollow Inside.

Esmeralda Longcoffin complained of headache. Young Vanderchump, a visitor, said:

"Miss Esmeralda, you will have to have that tooth pulled if it aches. It is probably hollow inside."

Esmeralda was not in a very good humor, so she said:

"Does your head ever ache, Mr. Vanderchump?"

"Very often, Miss Esmeralda."

"Then why don't you have it pulled?" It's hollow inside."

In the Markets.

The cabbage stalk is beginning to make its bow to the chow-chow market.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BUBBLE PARTY.

A Pretty Holiday Sport That is Exceedingly Diverting.

The bubble party promises to be the especial fad for the holiday season. Grown people are just finding out the possibilities of soap bubbles. A pipe is not the best thing for blowing them. A tin horn about 8 inches long and 1½ inches in diameter at the big end will make bubbles much bigger and make them much quicker than any pipe. If you have the horns faintly fluted for

A BUBBLE GAME.

an inch upward from the base, they will be improved, for the irregularities will hold the fluid in small quantities and the bubble will be easier to start and better fed. Such horns can be made by the dozen at any tin shop for a few cents.

The strongest possible fluid for producing bubbles is made in this way: Take the fourth of an ounce of white castile soap, cut it up into small pieces and boil three or four minutes in three-fourths of a pint of water; when the soap is melted and the water has cooled, add three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine. This makes enough of the mixture for a bubble party. It is better made the day before it is used and kept corked tightly; the bubbles are then such visions of glorious violet, rose, orange and blue as can not be seen in any other way on this planet.

These bubbles will last half a minute or more, and one of the prettiest sports in the world is to toss them into the air like balls. All that is necessary for this feat is a rough woolen mitten and a little care. Don't lift the hand to meet the bubble in the air, but on the contrary, sink it a little as the bubble approaches, so that it will settle on it in the gentlest possible way, then gently again, toss it up, and it will rise time after time like a balloon.

A long table covered with an old blanket is a fine thing for showing off bubbles; they can be forced from one end of it to the other, and a prize can be offered for the thrower who successfully forms the greatest number of bubbles through the whole journey. With a fan, too, bubbles can be kept in the air, and a great variety of games invented with them. A fine chance for showing off a pretty figure this exercise gives.

Bubbles can be blown to rest on the damp edges of cups, and they last longer in this position than in any other. If they are put under a glass case so as to be quite protected from currents of air, the color in them will settle into regular rainbow bands, and the effect is most curious, as well as bewilderingly beautiful.

SHE WORE 'EM.

That's Why Uncle Josh Didn't Take the "Pants" That He Wanted.

Uncle Joshua was selecting a pair of trousers in the clothing store, says a writer in Puck

"What do you think o' them?" he said to the good-natured salesman.

"Why, I think they're all right," the salesman said; "but the idea is to please the one that's to wear them. The question is, do they suit you?"

"Ain't they pretty gay for an old fellow?"

"Gay! That's a very quiet stripe. They look well on you, too."

"I guess they do fit pretty well. I ain't worn a pair o' striped pants, though, in I dunno how many years, an'—still, you say they are all right."

"I say if they please the one that's to wear them they most certainly are all right; and you are wearing them, so you're the judge."

"I believe I do like 'em, by ginger! 'Bout right for don'th, ain't they?"

"They are about as near right as any custom tailor could have made them—length, waist and everything."

"You wouldn't call it a loud stripe?"

"I would not!"

"No; it don't seem to me so. Still, I've been wearin' either black or pepper 'n salt for I dunno how many years now, an' everything else looks kind o' queer. But, I declare, it does seem good to get something else on. There ain't any good reason why a man o' my age shouldn't wear these pants, is there?"

"No earthly reason that I know of, if you like them. They certainly look well, and they are first-class trousers."

"Well, I guess I'll go take 'em off and let you do 'em up. You'll throw in a pair o' suspen—Pshaw! here comes—er—this lady comin' is my wife. I'll wait a minute, I guess—All through with your shoppin,' mother?"

"Thank heavens, yes!" replied the vigorous-looking woman who had been ushered up the aisle. "What you got on?" she added.

"Five dollars," said the old gentleman, clutching one leg of the trousers and stretching out the cloth for inspection.

"They be, be they? Hev you got lots of time, Joshua?"

"Time? How—why?"

"Because if you hev, mebbe it's all right to rig yourself up in fancy costoom for the entertainment of this young man; but I ain't got overmuch time, myself, an' I guess we might as well pick out a pair o' pants now like what I told ye to git."

"What's the matter with——"

"Lemme see somethin' on the pepper-'n'-salt order that'll about fit him," said the lady to the salesman. After selecting a pair about the size required she handed them to the silent man at her side.

"Now you run into the cubbyhole and git into these," she said; "and let's see how they look."

"The idee of a man o' his age pickin' out streaked pants," she said to the salesman, as her husband moved meekly away. "The pair he's got in his hand is somethin' like. Don't you think so, yourself?"

The salesman smiled pleasantly. "They are good goods," he said. "The thing is to please the one that wears 'em. I guess you'll——"

A stony look from the lady warned him that he was in danger of putting his foot in it.

"I guess your husband will like them," he said.

The Money Went.

Uncle Wayback. "I jus' tell you, th' city is an awful place. Skin yeh alive there."

Farmer Meadow (gloomily). "That's so."

Uncle Wayback. "Eh? Did yeh meet some green-goods men while you was in th' city?"

Farmer Meadow. "N-o, but my wife met some dry-goods men."—New York Weekly.

Samson Locks.

A single hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains.—The Scientist.

As Usual.

"Did you foreclose that mortgage on Johnson's mule?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Kicked."

"Who? Johnson?"

"No! the mule!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Ways.

Little Boy. "What's the difference between an advanced woman and any other womsn?"

Little Girl. "Why, don't you know? An ordinary woman doesn't let her husband know that she is bossin' him, but an advanced woman does."—Good News.

DO WOMEN KNOW.

Facts Given Below Which the Wayfaring Man Need Not Err In.

That meat, if cooked before being eaten, is more palatable and more easly retained by the stomach than when eaten raw?

That it requires a large vessel to hold three pints of a given liquid than one whose capacity is but one quart?

That shoes and stockings, if laid away in a bureau drawer, either with or without fennel or mignanette, will last very much longer than shoes and stockings that are in constant wear upon the feet?

That the greater the pains taken in selecting the materials for your husband's breakfast, and the more excellent it is cooked, the better may he be expected to enjoy the food which is set before him?

That the trousers or gowns which fit a rapidly growing child to-day will not be liked to fit the child ten, or even six years, hence?

That the purchase of a new cloak may be avoided by wearing your old garment for another year, or in the event of such a course being out of the question, by keeping within doors until warm weather returns?

That the coldness in ice is due to its low temperature, a fact that is easily provable by the simple experiment of submitting the ice to heat, which will soon render it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the liquified ice from similar water which has not been congealed?

That a clean napkin or table cloth is not nearly so much in need of washing as a table cloth or napkin which has become soiled by use?

That the bones should be removed from the meat or fish before it is chopped for croquettes or hash?

That a black cat, so far as the mere matter of color is concerned, is as much unlike a white cat as a white cat is dissimilar from a black cat?

That the proper place for equestrian exercise is outdoors or at the riding academy, and that no lady who aspires to the name of housekeeper will ever think of riding on horseback about her parlor or kitchen?

That while one may more quickly discover how a novel come out by reading the last chapter first, yet the story is more easily followed and understood by beginning at the first chapter and reading the following chapters consecutively?

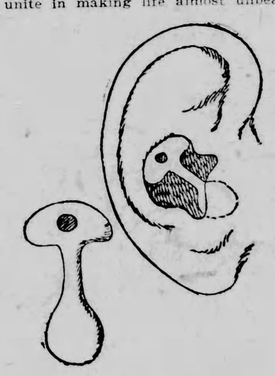
That the women are not such confirmed and conspicuous ignoramuses as one might suppose by reading some of the fool paragraphs that are printed in the papers under the heading "Do Women Know?"

PERFECT REST FOR THE EAR.

A Sound-Killer That Gives Peace and Quiet Midst the City's Roar.

A man cannot control hearing as he does sight, or feeling, or taste. One can close the eyes if he does not want to see; no one can be compelled to taste or to smell unless he chooses to, but how can any one keep out noises, near or distant, which in large cities abound in numberless variety?

Railroads, steamboats, factories, foundries, trolleys, street cars, pianos, organs, blacksmiths, and what not unite in making life almost unbear-



THE SOUND KILLER.

able. To put cotton in both ears, as often suggested, does not give sufficient relief.

An optical concern near Berlin has patented and manufactures a little article which bids fair to become an absolute necessity for many dwellers in large cities. The euphonious name given to it, "antiphone," indicates its usage. In plain English this means "sound-killer," and the object is to give the one sense that needs it most a much-need rest. It is but a small anchor-shaped piece of metal. The ball at the lower end (figure 1) fits closely into the outer canal of the ear, while the flattered upper part sits snugly in the hollow of the ear.

The human eye varies greatly in shape, and the antiphone is, therefore, made in many sizes to fit anybody; as much care should be taken in fitting antiphones as in eyeglasses.

Soon the rumbling of railroad cars, the snorting of engines, the monotonous noise of the steamer's screw and the like will have ceased to disturb the peace of the traveler; the piano next door will be no terror and the antiphone will spread its humane qualities.

JUST JOCOSE.

At His Full Capacity.

Mrs. Watts—What does this paper mean by saying that Col. Bluegrass assisted at the banquet in his professional capacity?

Mr. Watts—As near as I can figure it out, the colonel's professional capacity is about three quarts.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A Slight Acquaintance.

Clara—Do you know Mr. Madison?

Laura—Madison? The name sounds familiar. I rather think he was one of my last summer's fiances.—New York Herald.

Prosperity.

"Yes, yes; the town has been booming ever since that big factory over yonder was built."

"I see it's a whopper. What do they make?"

"Genuine antique Etruscan pottery for the curio market."—New York Recorder.

This Old World.

This old world keeps a-rollin'
In spite of all they say;
More sleighin' in the winter time—
More roses in the May.

In love an' light from day to night,
Still round an' round she goes;
It's jest with you to pull the thorn,
When you can wear the rose!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The World Moves.

The dude will no longer despairingly weep,
The critical tongues will stop wagging;
A method has just been invented to keep
The knees of our trousers from bagging.
—Washington Star.

Found a Clue.

Magistrate—And did you ever find any clue to that murder mystery?

Officer—Yes, sir; they've found the body of the murdered man.—Spare Moments.

It Was Becoming.

"This shape doesn't seem to be as becoming as a small hat; do you think so?" she asked.

Milliner—"Oh, my, yes. You can't see how much of your face it covers up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Very Accommodating.

Architect—"Would you like plans for a house?"

Gloomy Party—"I have no money to build a house. Our town is too dead for that."

Architect—"Well, I have something very fine in the way of mausoleums."

A Poor Advantage.

Little Rich Girl—Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red gloves, like me?

Little Poor Girl—Don't you wish you had a pair of lovely red hands like me?—South Boston News.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GARDEN OF EDEN, U.S.A.

A VERY POSSIBLE STORY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XII.

Wayne took me to the basement of the building which we had entered. "I am going to show you one of our kitchens, a place where our women have the greater portion of their housework done for them," he said. "I want to make sure that you will not hereafter accuse me of being a slave driver, with the women as my especial objects of a vindictive zeal. The house slaves are all outside Eden, my boy."

I looked to see an army of cooks, waiters and servant girls, but in this huge room which covered the ground space occupied by at least six of the large buildings which I had supposed were mammouth residences I could see but ten men. Four of these were busy over large ranges in the center of the room, evidently preparing the mid-day meal, while six others were lounging about six centers which had the appearance of being open butler's pantries, and which seemed to be connected by dumb waiters with the floors above. These pantries were connected with the central kitchen by travelers, and in each I could see that there were one or two dish-washing machines. I also noticed that the dishes were neatly packed in crates and were apparently ready to be sent to the floors above at a moment's notice.

"You see that we have ten people here to do the housework for five hundred," Wayne said as we passed hurriedly through the room to one of the elevators. "At meal time we have a dozen more to help rush things, but they are only here for about 15 or 20 minutes at each meal. How many housekeepers, cooks, servant girls and chambermaids it takes to serve 500 bread winners in your hotels, or in your average houses outside, you can calculate for yourself, and if you are of an inquiring turn of mind you can figure up the difference."

A high speed elevator whisked us out of these lower regions and almost immediately landed us in a vast tropical region at the top of the building. The sudden transformation almost took my breath away. We stepped out and wandered for some minutes through what would have put the hanging gardens of Babylon to shame. It was not simply one garden covering the top of one building, but an apparently endless series of them connected by the wide covered corridors which joined the different portions of the great building together.

"Wayne," I declared when I had looked about me in the greatest astonishment, "I do not know whether to call you a fool and a spendthrift, or a magician. Please explain the economy of this if you can."

"Perhaps you do not realize the full money value of contentment and the highest forms of esthetic enjoyment," he said with a pleasant laugh. "As for the expense of it, it is one of those things that cost considerable upon the start, but the annual expense is insignificant compared with its real value. These gardens are heated by the waste heat from the buildings themselves, and beyond that the expense is trifling. If you could see the people flock into them during the cold weather of the winter season you would say that they paid for themselves twice over."

Descending to one of the lower floors we stopped before a door which had the legend, "Vernon," written upon the door plate. Wayne knocked as a matter of form apparently, and as there was no response, he opened the door and led the way into the interior. The first room was a large modern hall, fitted up tastefully, and opening from this, upon one side, were two bedrooms with doors ajar. Upon the other two sides were parlor, sitting room and dining room, while beyond there was a charming vista of a corner boudoir, a library, and still other bedrooms. In fact it was a luxurious and charmingly arranged flat with an abundance of light upon two sides, but without the semblance of either kitchen or pantry.

We went into the sitting room and sat down. I took one more comprehensive glance about the apartment. Everywhere was the appearance, not of straightened means or even of modest competency, but of luxury. "I thought that you said that these people belonged to the shabby gentility class," I said reprovingly.

"Did you ever hear of people living in apartments which were already furnished?" he asked.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "So it is your money which surrounds Stella Vernon with the evidences of a luxurious taste!" I had not yet fully recovered from the old feeling of jealousy which I had entertained against him.

"Only as it furnishes every other inhabitant of Eden with the evidences of the same luxury," he answered, a little resentfully. "Please do not accuse me of favoritism. Even Alice Hathaway, the lady I intend to marry, has nothing better than this. The Edenites rent their luxury as they rent their houses. Then everyone is equally happy and there is no grumbling or envy."

"Yes," I said, "but how do laundresses and factory girls, to say nothing of masculine dishwashers and cooks, find money to pay for all this luxury?"

"I assure you that Mr. Vernon and his daughter find no difficulty in making their accounts balance since they have come to Eden, however difficult it might have been before," he answered. "But you will have to wait until some other time for the full explanation. It is too near dinner for statistics."

A moment afterwards a voice which sent a pleasant thrill through my nerves, came to us from the hall. "I see that you are here already," it said. And then Stella stood in the doorway. This time she was simply a well dressed woman as she would appear upon the street. The fashion appeared a little peculiar to my conventional eyes, but it was a very charming fashion, for all that.

"I hurried home on purpose to welcome you," she said, as if to explain the extra color in her cheeks.

"You see that we are taking our welcome for granted," Wayne said. "But my friend is still blushing. I believe, at the thought of the unwarrantable intrusion."

"What is mine is thine, is the rule in Eden, Mr. Brown," Miss Vernon said, laughing happily. "There is no warrant for your blushes."

I looked at her and wondered if there were any adequate warrant for those in her own face, in the fact of having hurried a little more than usual. "Are you ready to extend that rule to any possible limit, Miss Vernon?" I asked.

"In general, yes," she answered. "You are welcome to everything that other Eden people are welcome to."

She had removed her hat and stood waiting for us to speak. "What is your favorite dish for dinner, Mr. Brown?" she asked, seeing that I was more inclined to use my eyes than my tongue.

"Order him some perch from the north pond, Miss Vernon," Wayne declared, showing premenitary signs of going off into one of his laughing fits again. "And partridges from our mountains. Be sure that you order them, also."

"But Why? I see that there is something behind it all."

"You must ask Stanley about that," Wayne declared. "If he does not tell you, I will."

"It is only that I had designs of breaking into your Eden for purposes of my own, trying to break the force of the revelation as much as I could. "Wayne cannot get over laughing at me because he, through his rural guard, was able to get the start of me for the first time in his life."

"But he tried to smash our north water gate, Miss Vernon. You know what a formidable thing that north water gate is. And because he failed to smash it with his boat, he got up in the boat and shook his fist at it! And then, as he was coming away, he smashed a window in the guard's cabin because the guard was compelled to break out and laugh at him. You can easily see what a temper he has!"

I saw that the best thing I could do was to give Miss Vernon a succinct account of the matter, and this I did, not sparing myself in the least. The laugh we all had over my misadventures put me on a very friendly footing with my hostess, at least, and for once in my life I believe that I really thanked myself for being a fool.

"I am forgetting all about the dinner itself!" Miss Vernon said, going at once to the dining room. In a very few minutes she returned and was just in time to introduce her father to me.

Mr. Vernon was a strong featured, intellectual looking man of 50, perhaps. I could see at once where his daughter got her earnest, intelligent countenance, and I could well imagine that her beauty had come from her mother's side. The gentleman greeted me cordially. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Brown," he said. "Mr. Morrison has been telling us about you."

"Mr. Morrison is a good hearted young man, but he is sometimes given to exaggeration," I declared. "I dare say that in the present instance he has been giving you an extravagant account of my many virtues, but has entirely forgotten my far more numerous shortcomings. I warn you that you must not believe all that he says."

"He did speak rather warmly of you," Mr. Vernon answered; "but we shall trust to you not to disappoint us in our expectations."

In the midst of the light talk in which we were soon engaged there was a ring in the dining room, and Stella immediately started up. "Mr. Brown, would you like to see how an Eden housekeeper gets dinner?" she asked. "If you will come I will make you my assistant this time, instead of asking father to help me."

I joyfully obeyed, and was soon helping her spread the cloth upon the table, and removing the dishes from the dumb waiter to it. The waiter had hardly had time to descend and to return again before there was another ring, and we were confronted with the smoking viands of the dinner itself.

"How is it possible that you should be served so quickly?" I asked. "Wayne told me that there were but about twenty people to serve five hundred."

"You would not ask if you could see them in the kitchens at meal time," she said. "Our orders are usually given at the meal before, and as everything is cooked and waiting, it takes but a very few minutes to put it into the carriers and send it up to us. Even the dishes are in the crates and waiting for our order."

"But you seem to have given a special order. Do you have fish and game waiting for you at every meal?"

"Either in our own domicile or in some of the adjoining ones. We have different bills of fare, and can thus exchange very quickly. As for the dishes, if we need more, they simply send us one of the fuller crates. It is the system, you see. Machinery serves us far better than we could serve ourselves."

When we were fairly seated at the table I expressed to Wayne my astonishment at the ease and simplicity of it all. "If this is your invention you will surely be canonized by the ladies, at least, when it comes into general use."

"I think it is rather neat," he said. "It does not lack very much of the housekeepers' millenium when you can get your grub out of a hole in the wall and put the dirty dishes back into the hole. Do you think it does, Miss Vernon?"

"If you knew what a holy and inexpressible hatred I have always had for cooking and the washing of dishes three times every day, you would not need to ask that question, Mr. Morrison," she answered.

"But your hatred did not extend to the ironing, I suppose," I remarked, in a demure way.

"No," she answered a suggestion of color showing itself in her face. "That was the one thing about housework that I really liked."

Wayne and Mr. Vernon were soon discussing matters connected with the educational interests of the city, and meanwhile I was being entertained across our corner of the table by Stella herself. I had learned that Mr. Vernon was one of the managers and editors of the one Eden Journal, and now his talk with Wayne showed that he had something to do with the schools as well. "Mr. Morrison seems determined that we shall have every privilege which you earthlings enjoy, if money will accomplish it," Stella said to me, in explanation of their conversation. "We already have a Conservatory of Music upon a small scale, and now he proposes to establish college classes for all the young people in the valley who care for them."

"I dare say that you will have everything here in time that you can possibly cry for, Miss Vernon," I said. "Even to the moon. I know something of my friend's determination. He never sets his heart upon anything but that he gets it. That is, hardly ever."

"You may be very sure that we shall never cry for the moon or for other impossibilities," she declared, laughing. "We have too many things more valuable, as it is."

"I believe you," I answered. "Even winter gardens. I believe those astonished me as much as anything. That is, excepting the unaccountable passion which you girls have for transforming yourselves into working-women."

She laughed merrily. "You will understand all that in time, Mr. Brown," she said. "We do not propose to be supported in idleness by any one, even our own fathers or our husbands. There are no butterflies in Eden. As for the winter gardens, they are simply marvelous. I certainly thought so when I saw them for the first time last February."

"And yet Wayne speaks of them as if they were a mere minor detail of his plans, and as if their expense were a mere bagatelle."

"His minor details are all marvelous ones, Mr. Brown. What would you think of houses where brooms are unknown, and where dust never troubles one? That is another minor detail of Mr. Morrison's plans."

"No dirt? No dust?" I exclaimed, looking toward the windows, and realizing for the first time that they were tightly closed, and that the air in the rooms was delightfully cool, although the thermometer must have registered ninety, at least, outside.

"Yes," she answered. "His houses breathe, if they do not live, and as they breathe nothing but clean, pure air, brooms and dust brushes are seldom needed in Eden. Quite heavenly, is it not?"

I did not answer. I only half believed her story. I was so wedded to the idea of the dust of ages settling down upon our mothers and sisters and driving them into premature graves, that I could not comprehend any other destiny for them.

"Are you incredulous?" she asked, laughing pleasantly. "I assure you that whatever my other faults may be, I am a woman of veracity. This is really the woman's heaven. Her emancipation, not only from the dish-rag and broomstick, but in every respect, seems to be complete."

"Do you vote?" I asked, the momentous issue of suffrage occurring to my mind at once.

"Certainly," she answered. "But, after all, there is nothing to vote for. We need no Congressmen to make laws for us, and no judges or policemen to keep us in order. The policemen, you doubtless remember, are for another purpose."

"Happy people!" I exclaimed, eagerly anxious to avoid the latter topic. "And if what you tell me is true, thrice happy, altogether blessed woman!"

"What is that?" called Wayne, stopping in the middle of a sentence. "Miss Vernon, what was that rhapsody that my friend was just guilty of?"

"He was only echoing my sentiment that this is the woman's heaven."

"And an hour ago he was wanting to mob me because I allowed Eden women to work six hours a day and do their housework besides!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF THOSE WRITING DOCTORS.

That's Why He Shocked an Old Sweetheart.

"O dear, O dear!" said the pretty woman in the jet-trimmed gown, as she wearily dropped into a chair, "I hope you haven't any troubles of your own, for I want you to sympathize with mine."

"No; as I'm not married I have no troubles to speak of," placidly replied the plain woman with the old-fashioned sleeves.

"I'm afraid that is just it, dear. But while you are rejoicing give especial thanks that you are not married to a genius."

"Humph! I do. Has he been waiting to give you chloroform while he examines the contents of your skull? Or has he been describing a beautiful blonde heroine again?"

"Neither. Worse. It was bad enough while he was only a physician to have the telephone rinking at the head of my bed and ghostly voices reciting their ailments into my sleepy ear; to have cases of suspected small pox brought to the house to be examined, and to have Frank called to the other end of nowhere at midnight after I had noticed suspicious-looking men prowling about the back yard all day."

"But wasn't it better when he gave up all but his office practice and took to writing scientific novels?"

"Not a bit."

"But it keeps him home at night."

"Yes; but he sits up writing in the library until all hours. Once he set the house on fire by throwing his lighted cigar in the waste basket when he was seized with a sudden inspiration, and once he awoke me at 2 o'clock in the morning to read me a chapter about how a woman's husband poisoned her, she being under the impression that she was taking something to give her a perfectly lovely complexion."

"Such things must make you feel creepy."

"They do. But what happened yesterday was the worst. You know Effie is in town."

"Yes; and so proud of that ape-like foreigner she has married! But poor Effie never did have any sense of the ridiculous."

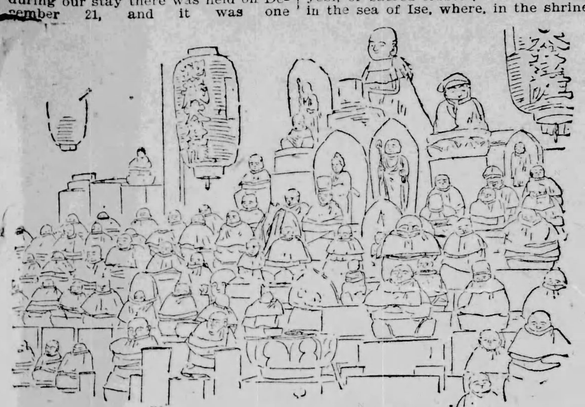
NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

THE GREAT DAY OF THE YEAR IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

A Visit to a Great Holiday Fair in Tokio—A Legend—How the Jap Priests Cleverly Combine Business and Religion.

The approach of the new year is heralded throughout Japan by general rejoicing among the people for the prosperity of the twelve months just ending, and by prayers for happiness during those to come. Bands of strolling players, acrobats and singers go from house to house serenading the occupants and wishing them great success during the new year. Every city and town has a number of fairs, during the latter part of December, where articles may be purchased for new year's gifts to relatives and friends. The Japanese are wonderfully devoted to their children, and while they never kiss them—or any one else for that matter—they bestow great affection upon them, and at New Year's time buy them all kinds of presents.

One of the largest fairs in Tokio during our stay there was held on December 21, and it was one



JAPANESE GODS FOR SALE.

One of the numerous stalls at the Tokio Holiday Festival.

of the most interesting phases of Japanese life imaginable. It took its name, Kanda Myojin, from the fact that it was held at and around the grounds of Shinto temple Kanda Myojin, dedicated to a celebrated rebel of the tenth century, whose ghost used to haunt the neighborhood after his fiani overthrow and death.

This rebel, Masakado, played quite an important part in the early history of the empire, and I have taken the liberty of using some facts about his career as set forth by T. H. Asso, a Japanese official, who has published a very entertaining volume entitled "Pictures of Ancient Japanese History." According to Asso, Taira-no-Masakado, in the year A. D. 939 killed his uncle, Taira-no-Kunika, and seized the province of Hitachi, of which he was governor, whereupon the governor of another province told him that having seized one he might as well possess himself of others, as it was no greater crime to subjugate eight provinces than one. Masakado was so pleased with this suggestion that he constituted Okiyo-wo, the clever governor who made the daring suggestion, "the chief deviser of a revolutionary plan by which he laid violent hands" upon four other provinces, "so that he had great powers at this time in the eastern parts of the empire." He styled himself a prince, and had officers of various grades under him, imitating as closely as possible the style of the emperor.

The rest of the story I give in Mr. Asso's own words:

"Fujiwara-no-Hidesato, the governor of the province of Shimotsuke, had gone to Masakado to see his condition, and whither he had raised an army; whereupon Masakado came out, holding a tuft of his hair in his hand, just as he was combing his hair, and treated him with much gladness.

"Masakado feasted him, but while taking dinner in private he picked up the rice clumsily and ate in a flurried manner that which he had dropped upon the floor at the same moment.

"Having seen these traits of him, Hidesato knew that he was not competent to fulfill great ambitions, because he was a trifling and careless man.

"Hidesato, with Taira-no-Sadamori, who was the son of Kunika and the governor of the province Hitachi, ascertaining that he was not prepared in the disposition of his army suddenly attacked him.

"Masakado, fighting with them unexpectedly, was severely defeated, but still contended against them with desperate efforts, taking a few remaining soldiers.

"In the midst of this bloody battle Masakado fell stricken from his horses' back, being shot in the forehead by the arrow of Sadamori.

"At the same instant Hidesato cut off his head, and Okiyo-wo was also killed on the spot."

This does not seem like much of a story, but it goes to show how vague and incomplete the early history of Japan is. The reader must attribute the many deficiencies to Mr. Asso and his translation and not to me, for I have copied his version of the story exactly as it is printed.

There was no ghost visible, however, when we visited the temple. On the contrary it seemed as though all the people of the district had turned out for the fair. One long street off which a shorter one led directly to the temple gate was thronged with men and women, the latter looking very pretty with their large blue or white silk or crepe handkerchiefs thrown over their heads coming down over the forehead, the ends crossed on the nose, and dropping down around the neck and shoulders, leaving only the sparkling black eyes visible. Boys and girls, old and young, were there in swarms, all crowding around the stalls that lined both sides of the street and expressing the liveliest interest and most unbounded delight in the thousand and one articles there exposed for sale.

We children of an older growth found unalloyed pleasure in sauntering through the crowd, stopping every few steps to admire some quaint conceit in the way of New Year's gifts, presents such as we never had seen before and such as would drive the average American child crazy with delight. Not only were children's presents displayed; there were hundreds of booths for the sale of other things, some of them being spread out on mats on the ground and others placed on low stands and benches under light bamboo sheds.

A large number of the latter were devoted to battledore and shuttlecock, a favorite game of Japanese children, especially during the bright, crisp winter weather when they throng the streets bunching and chattering as they shuffle along on their wooden clogs after the elusive shuttlecock, made of tiny balls with long feathers attached. The battledores shown were all sizes, and were all more or less elaborately ornamented on the backs, some of them having large figures of famous men and women, made of cloth, gorgeously dressed, with painted scenes of wood and water as a background. One in particular was very effective. On the back was the gate to a Daimyo's castle. On the stone steps leading up to the gate were two men with drawn swords, one attempting to force his way past the other who was guarding the portal. The whole scene was full of life, the figures of the two men being extremely life-like. They were made of cloth with painted cardboard faces and hands and feet, the clothing being exactly the same in style and texture as that formerly worn by warriors in the days of feudalism. Every conceivable subject was shown on these battledores and they were all executed with much spirit and perfect fidelity to life.

Some of the stalls were devoted to the sale of fancy writing paper decorated in the most artistic manner. The Japs, beginning at the upper right hand corner and writing down the column find it very convenient to have their paper in rolls, unrolling it from right to left as they write. When the letter is finished they tear off the written portion from the rest of the roll and folding it up slip it into a long, narrow envelope ready for the post.

Carved wood was displayed in great variety, including small houses, temples, frames for metal mirrors, shrines, gods and animals, some of them laughably grotesque.

Knit woolen goods in bright and gaudy colors filled some of the stalls. There were red and yellow caps for the babies; blue and green ones for the boys, mufflers of various hues for the older children, in fact a great variety for all tastes.

Hair ornaments there were, of course, whole stalls of them. They make exceptionally acceptable presents, as the average Japanese girl is very vain of her jet black glossy hair which she adorns with long pins on which are fastened dangling gilt threads, silver and gilt balls, cubes, flowers, leaves and whatever else her taste suggests and her means allow. At numerous stalls there were quantities of lobsters, which play an important part in the New Year's ceremonies. They are called the Ise-yebi, or sacred lobster, because found in the sea of Ise, where, in the shrine of Uji is preserved the identical mirror that was used in enticing from the cave the Sun goddess, the ancestor of all the Mikados. The lobster usually goes with a pot in which is planted the grass of happiness and longevity.

There were all sorts of toys displayed, paper dolls dressed and undressed for from one sen upwards; tiny wooden pails filled with little paper flags; kites of all kinds, shapes and colors, kites such as are never dreamed of in America. The light bamboo splits, that can be bent in any form, are used in making these important parts of a boy's play outfit. The light frame work is made in the outline of little men, fish, birds, animals of all kinds, and covered with a thin paper colored to represent the object intended to be shown. Some of these kites are very curious, and produce a strange effect when seen flying high up in the air. Turtles with moveable legs, tail and head, suspended by a string from a bamboo twig, made another favorite toy, the turtle being generally accepted as as symbol of a thousand years of life.

Some of the stalls were made entirely of light bamboo frame work, covered top and sides with short ropes of rice straw, one end with a large knot and the other end frayed out. These ropes are placed before the entrance to Shinto temples in honor of the Kami, as all the Shinto gods and goddesses are called, and are also placed at this season of the year in front of houses as an emblem of purity. Some of the ropes were very long. These were to be used on the evening of the first of January, to tie clear around each Japanese home to keep within the house all that is good, and to prevent all evil and unclean spirits from entering.

It would be impossible without making a mere enumeration to attempt

JAPANESE HUCKSTER.

(Seen in the Streets of Tokio During the New Year's Festivals.)

to describe all the stalls that lined the crowded street. A large number of curio venders had their stocks of goods laid out on mats on the ground, where one could buy pipe cases, gods, lacquer trays, bronze candlesticks, tea pots, ivory swords, gilt shrines, paper lanterns, everything, in fact, that can be found in no other place outside a Japanese second hand curio shop. Some of the most prominent of the other stalls were devoted to cut bamboo poles filled with branches, with bright balls and papers hanging from them; glass lanterns; cutlery; candy (not the candy familiar to American children, but thin little spirals that did not look at all tempting); handwarmers—little metal boxes curved and covered with woolen cloth into which a round piece of lighted charcoal is placed—making a tiny stove, very comfortable while riding in rikishas, or even in the badly heated railroad cars; wooden ware—dolls, rattles, fancy boxes, cabinets, toy bureaus, etc.; while sandwiched in every few yards were places of refreshment, where rice, fish, cakes and sweets could be bought of the people who made them while you wait. The Jap does not eat much at a time, but he eats very often.

After elbowing our way up the whole length of one side of this most interesting street, we came down the other, and turned into the short, narrow street leading to the temple. This street was even more crowded than the other, and was packed with stalls of all kinds. Inside the temple gate a peculiar sight presented itself. The temple itself was almost hidden from view, except only the front door, which was thronged with men, women and children. They combined pleasure with religion. While out buying their New Year's presents, or merely enjoying the sights, they stopped at the temple to say a prayer or two, first throwing a couple of coppers into the box, and afterwards clapping the hands twice.

The temple grounds were filled with fine old trees which enterprising merchants had utilized in a truly original manner. Hundreds of rice straw-rope dealers stretched their wares from tree to tree and thus formed a stall wherein the dealers sat over a charcoal brazier and warmed their hands and smoked till a customer came along to buy something. Everywhere throughout the grounds, under the very eaves of the temple, almost, were side shows of every description, with the discordant sound of the samisen and drum. We paid a sen and a-half to go into one of the largest of them. The enclosure was filled with a motley crowd of all ages, who gazed with wrapt attention at the performance of a stocky little woman. She was dressed in tight-fitting skirt and trousers of gaily colored cloth. Her feet were bare and on her head she wore a sort of a turban. Balancing a small girl, dressed in the same peculiar style, on her shoulders she performed a kind of a dance, bending, posturing, standing first on one foot and then the other, while an orchestra on a stage in front of the tent kept up an incessant noise on a drum and two samisens. Under the stage, which was scantily draped with a bright red figured cloth, could be seen the other members of the troupe squatting around a big fire-box, all indulging in macaroni, which they conveyed from the bowls to their mouths with chop sticks and never lost a string. Their performance was really more interesting than that of the two girls.

The temple grounds had been converted into a veritable bazaar, the little lanes between the trees forming a regular labyrinth in which, unless care was exercised, one could very easily lose his way. It seemed strange that business and religion could be so closely brought together, but one of the party suggested that the scheme was a very clever one on the part of the priests, who, knowing that the fair would attract thousands of visitors from all over the surrounding country, readily gave permission for the use of the grounds for stalls on the assumption that the more people drawn there the greater the receipt of coppers in the big temple strong box. That seemed a very plausible explanation, one part of which was certainly borne out, for, as we came away, there was a large crowd around the entrance and the coppers were showering into the big grated box at a lively rate. ROBINSON LOCKE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

All Run Down

Was my condition, says Mr. Wm. Weatherford, tax collector at Key West, Florida. My

Mr. Wm. Weatherford

appetite was poor and I was quite miserable. I have taken 5 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, am much better, have gained in weight, no distress after eating, have good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

The second series of Eighteenth Century Vignettes, by Austin Dobson, has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city. Four of them deal with the chief English literary celebrities of the latest century, the four in question being concerned with Richardson, Swift's "Journal to Stella," "Johnson's Library," and the "Topography of Humphrey Clinker."

Timothy's Quest, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is too well-known and popular a book to need recommendation. A new edition has just been brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. Mr. Oliver Herford, who has gained an enviable reputation by his designs in life and in book illustrations, made a large number of pictures for this new edition, some of them allegorical, others directly illustrating the incidents of the story.

Asiatic Breezes, or Students on the Wing, by Oliver Optic, is published by Lee & Shepard. It is an account of adventures by a traveling party in Egypt, Cyprus, Arabia and Asiatic waters, which is well illustrated. This volume completes the second series of the All Over the World Library.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publish a very handsome new edition of Tennyson's play of Becket, for the holiday trade. It is on delicately tinted paper in large, clear type, finely illustrated and elegantly bound in green and gold with gilt edges. It makes a beautiful gift book.

Stone & Kimball, Chicago, bring out in a pretty little volume The Quest of Heracles, and Other Poems, by Hugh McCulloch Ivenos. The first poem gives the name to the book. Others are A Ballade of Roses, Antinous, A Ballade of Dawn, Her Pictures and many others.

My Study Fire, by Hamilton Wright Mabie, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city. It is made up of a number of essays upon the following subjects: The Book and the Reader; the Reader's Secret; The Poetry of Flame; Enjoying One's Mind; Concerning Culture, Work and Art; Joy in Life; The Lowell Letters; The Tyranny of Books, etc., etc.

At the Ghost Hour, is a translation from the German of Paul Heyse, by Frances A. Van Santford, with decorations by Alice C. Morse. The four little volumes which make up the set are odd and curious. The white linen binding, stamped with black and dull red, whets the appetite for the tales of Unbelieving Thomas and the Fair Abigail contained between the covers, and the grotesque vignettes and head and tail-pieces tend still further to heighten the interest.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds etc., than Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes. Price 25c.

Childe Harold All Right.

She was a gushing young girl. She had arrived at that age when she was greatly interested in the flights of love-sick poets. She had been perusing Byron's "Childe Harold," and was meditating over several obscure passages. Suddenly she asked her papa, who was reading the stock reports of the evening paper, and was deeply engrossed in worldly things:

"Papa, what do you think of Byron's 'Childe Harold?'"

"Oh, he's all right," responded the old man; "as good as any of the rest of Byron's boys."—Truth.

Consistent.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and she answered, that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."—Youth's Companion.

Looking on the Bright Side.

Said the police judge to the prisoner, a defeated candidate just after the recent election:

"Your wife has left you, you have had your head broken, and your eyes blackened, and your front teeth knocked out, and you have spent the night in a cell."

"Well, your Honor, it's a poor heart as never rejoices."—Texas Siftings.

Insect Venom.

Mosquitoes inject poison into the wounds they inflict to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.—Entomologist.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Last Republican Bond Issue.

A. W., Minneapolis, Minn., asks: "When were the last government bonds issued under a Republican administration?"

In 1879 over $741,000,000 4 per cent bonds were issued under the acts of 1870 and 1871. The net result of the Republican handling of the national debt was that considerably more than one-half of the debt which was in 1865 outstanding at 6 per cent and over, was in 1879 costing but 4 1-2 per cent. In 1881 over $670,000,000 of the public debt running at 5 and 6 per cent matured. Congress failed to provide means for meeting it, and there was at the disposal of the secretary for this purpose only the surplus revenue and something over $100,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds under the acts of 1870 and 1871. Under these circumstances Secretary Windom, forced to act upon his own responsibility, made a general offer to the holders of these bonds to extend the bonds at such a rate of interest as 3 1-2 per cent, redeemable at the pleasure of the government. This measure was a complete success. The Congress of 1882 authorized 3 per cent bonds redeemable at the pleasure of the government, and more than $300,000,000 were so issued to replace the 3 1-2 per cents, and these were the last bonds issued under Republican administration.

Gems for Each Month.

W. H. C., Elgin, Ills.: The following is the generally accepted list of gems for each month: January, garnet (constancy and fidelity in every engagement); February, amethyst (sincerity); March, bloodstone (courage, wisdom and firmness in affection); April, sapphire and diamond (repentance and innocence); May, emerald (discovers false friends and insures true love); June, agate (insures long life, health and prosperity); July, ruby and carnelian (discovers poison and content); August, sardonyx (conjugal felicity); September, chrysolite (against madness); October, opal (hope); November, topaz (fidelity and friendship, prevents bad dreams); December, turquoise (prosperity in love).

Book Publishing Houses.

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo., writes: "Here is a question I have long been wanting to ask. Reading the department in The Weekly Blade, 'Recent Literature,' or book notices, I take notice that none of the books are published in the South anywhere. They all seem to be published in the North or East. Are there no publishing houses in the Southern states—none at all? I have long wanted statistics on this subject, but never succeeded in getting them. Where can I get them? Are such statistics published anywhere? Do the census reports contain such information?"

There are no large publishing houses for general literature outside New York and Philadelphia, unless we except Chicago, the reason is not a sectional one, but a business one. Book publishing, like many other lines of business, is carried on at a disadvantage outside a great commercial city. When one thinks that there are 65,000,000 people in the United States, and that the average edition sold—mark, we say "average" edition—of any literary work is less than 2,000, it will be seen that the denser the population the better locality it is for the sale of books. Again, book publishing—in this country started in the three cities named, and it is business which has a tendency to localize itself. When the population of the West and South develops a proportional class of reading people—book readers, we mean—as that east of the Alleghanies and north of Maryland, we may expect publishing houses in the cities to flourish. At present it is not a good paying business outside the cities named. The census reports give the figures.

Interest on Our Debt.

C. B. W., Haverstraw, N. Y., writes: "I am told that it would take more wheat to pay the interest on the public debt now than at the close of the war. Is this true? And if so, is not the prospect discouraging, especially for the farmers?"

The public debt of the United States June 30, 1865, was $2,636,153. The interest payable in gold that year was $133,067,6.5. The average price of wheat in New York was $2.82 per bushel in legal tender notes. The average price of gold in June, 1865, was 152¾, so that the gold value of wheat was about $1.83 per bushel, at which price it would require about 73,500,000 bushels to pay the interest. At the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1894, the public debt was $8,9.313,490, and the interest paid thereon $27,841,405.

With wheat at 60 cents per bushel, it would require 46,400,000 bushels to pay the interest. We should produce our own sugar from cane, beets and sorghum and grow less wheat at present prices, and would be doing so to a far greater extent than we are, but for the criminal folly of so-called reverse tariff reformers, who stabbed the sugar industry by abolishing the McKinley sugar policy.

The Korean War.

Subscriber, Hammond, Kan.: The causes of the present war between China and Japan may be briefly given thus: For over twenty years Japan has been adopting modern customs and Western civilization. She evidently desires to make herself the most powerful nation in the Orient, despite the fact that China has ten times her population. She evidently has been preparing for a long time to try conclusions with China in a war. There has been trouble over the relations of Japan and China in Korea for some four centuries. The story is a very long one, and hardly worth recounting. Korea formerly was a dependency of Japan, but China has claimed sovereignty over it for a century or so. Meanwhile, for a long time Korea has been practically independent. Japan went to war to achieve Korean independence, but really to humble China, and she is apparently going to succeed in both.

The "Staked Plain."

W. H. H., Promise City, Iowa, asks: "Please explain what is called 'Stake lands' in New Mexico."

We infer you mean what is known as "El Llano Estacado," or the "Staked Plain," which embraces a portion of New Mexico and Texas. It extends from the Rio Pecos in New Mexico on the west, to the headwaters of the Colorado, Brazos and Red rivers on the east; and from the valley of the Canadian river on the north to the Pecos on the south. Its surface is greatly undulating; vegetation is scanty, owing to the dryness of the climate and lack of streams. It is named "staked plain" because of the great abundance of yucca stems, which resemble stakes at a distance.

The Locust Tree.

A. J. C., New Lexington, O., asks: "In what states is locust timber found, and what soil and climate is best adopted to its growth?"

The common locust (Robinia pseudacacia) loves the fertile soils westward of the Alleghenies, and extends thence as far as Arkansas; but it is not indigenous north of Pennsylvania, nor to be found wild near the seacoast in the Southern states. When growing upon thin soils it greatly improves them, because its small leaflets decay rapidly, forming a rich surface soil and bringing in a grassy sod.

Hypnotism.

H. L. P., St. Charles, Minn.: Probably any one can become a hypnotizer, but it is not every one who can become hypnotized. It is a dangerous thing to meddle with, and surely breaks down the physical and mental health of the subject, if continued. It is already prohibited by law in some countries, except to physicians, and if the experimentation by persons without medical training continues in this country, it will undoubtedly be made an offense to practice it.

The Highest Rank.

W. G. E., Bloomdale, O.: The highest position in an army is that of the senior major general—that is, the major general who has been the longest in the army. At present this position is held by Major General Schofield. Gen. Howard was put on the retired list a month or two ago, and of course holds no position.

Sunday Mails.

H. M. B., Houston, Tex., asks: "Is there a movement being made to stop the United States mails from Saturday midnight until Sunday at midnight, so as to secure the cessation of trains on Sunday?"

There are many who favor such a reform, but it can hardly be called a movement. It does not seem probable that it will ever be done, unfortunately.

Rare Coins.

A. C., Somerset, Ill.: We are unable to identify the coin from your description.

A. H., Lenawee Junction, Mich.: The $3 gold piece of 1838 bears no premium.

Miscellaneous.

A. D. M., Osceola, Mo.: The conduct you mention is in the worst possible taste.

G. P. K., Sand Coulee, Mont.: Your question has been handed the editor of the Farmstead.

W. H. F., Central Station, W. Va.: Boiled coal tar, applied hot, is a cheap preservative for outdoor woodwork.

T. S. M., New Petersburg, O.: It is proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman caller to repeat his call.

A. H., Oregon, Wis.: A quantity can be subtracted from another of the same magnitude, of course, leaving no remainder.

A. A. S., Louisburg, Minn.: Phoenix has been the capital of Arizona for several years. Prescott was the former capital.

M. D. B., Flat Fork, W. Va.: It is sufficient to merely address the chairman in a discussion; but in a reading, it is better to bow to the audience also.

"Reader," Lincoln, Neb.: The Chinese minister at Washington is Tsui Wwo Yin; the Japanese, Gozo Tateno; the Brazilian, Salvador de Mendonca.

L. M., New Corwin, O.: The theory is that lightning rods draw the electricity silently from the clouds, thus preventing its accumulation directly above the building.

J. N. E., Calnsville, Tenn.: In the Question Bureau of the Weekly Blade of December 20 you will find the official figures of the cash in the Treasury. If the Democrats do not believe them, tell them to write to the Treasury department and have them confirmed.

SHE WAS NOT ROBBED.

She Knew It, Because She Had Her Ride and Her Money.

She was wearing a lovely new gown and she greeted a friend who entered the car with the air of a woman who feels that she has done her duty to society, says the Chicago Daily Tribune.

The conductor entered the car, collected the nickel of the newcomer, and said briefly to the daintily gowned one:

"Fare, please."

"I gave it to you when I first got in; you should be more careful," she said, sternly. Then, turning to her companion: "Does the man fancy that I would defraud him of his five cents? Why, I wouldn't do such a thing for the world."

"He must think that you are like Eva."

"He must, indeed. I believe she would perish at the stake rather than pay her own car fare. Why, the other day we were coming down town together, and she hunted five pennies out of her pocket and said: 'Won't you give me a nickel for these? The conductor hates so to take them.'"

"Of course you paid her fare."

"Of course. And she was so pleased that she insisted upon taking me out to lunch, and as we were late getting home she would bring me up in a cab. And I do believe she thinks she is five cents ahead."

"No doubt. But Mrs. Skinner is the meanest woman I ever knew. She called for me one day to go somewhere, and after we were on the car she said: 'You just pay the fare, please. I have only $20 bill with me.'"

"Where did she ever get so much money?"

"She hadn't it. I had forgotten my purse, but the conductor said never mind, he could change the note. She turned red and white and pretended to look for it, though she knew it wasn't there."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, after I had let her fumble about ten minutes I fished 10 cents out of my cape pocket. It was great fun."

At this juncture the conductor entered the car once more.

"Beg pardon, lady," he said, "but you really ain't paid your fare."

She drew herself up haughtily: "I paid it when I first got in; I am always most particular about it. Remember it perfectly because I noticed that it was the only nickel in my purse when I got it out."

"But, Madam, you——"

"Oblige me with your number," she said majestically, "the company shall hear of this. If I can not ride on this line without being insulted I shall patronize another. You may stop the car."

The two ladies got off in great indignation, while the remaining passengers looked suspiciously at the conductor.

"I shall have my husband attend to this," she said, "the man simply wanted to pocket the extra fare. But I shan't get angry over it, it is so unbecoming, besides Tom will be angry enough for both. O, I must tell you a story that I know about Mrs. Skinner."

"O, yes, do!"

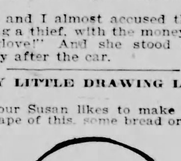
"She—wait a moment; my glove hurts me, the fastening must be too tight. Why, here is my nickel now! I took it out of my purse, and as the conductor didn't come right away I must have slipped it in my glove!"

"And you never paid any fare after all!"

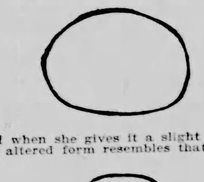
"No, and I almost accused the man of being a thief, with the money in my own glove!" And she stood looking ruefully after the car.

FUNNY LITTLE DRAWING LESSON.

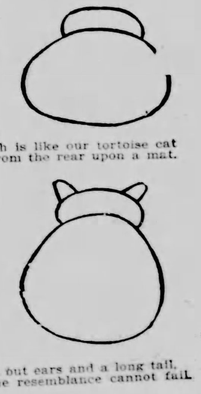
Often our Susan likes to make
The shape of this, some bread or cake.



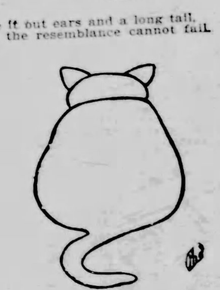
And when she gives it a slight pat
It's altered form resembles that.



It much is like our tortoise cat
Seen from the rear upon a mat.



Give it out ears and a long tail,
And the resemblance cannot fail.



It impresses itself as being striking,
And gives a picture to Tom's liking.
—Isabel McElheny Johnston.

—The scrofulous taint which may have been in your blood for years, may be thoroughly expelled by giving Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

One Thing Lacking.

The mammoth department stores supply all wants. Not long ago a customer in one of these all-round stores purchaser a complete house-furnishing supply, including a dog, a parrot and a monkey. He bought himself a suit, and, having an ugly tooth, he had it eased up without going out of his way. Going up another flight, he sat for his photograph, passed into a physician's office on the same floor, was taken seriously ill on the floor above, died there, was placed in a coffin out of stock near by on the same floor, and sent home. The manager of the house added in a business-like way: "We would have furnished a coroner and jury if the friends of the deceased hadn't been in such a hurry."—Chicago Tribune.

The Trick of the Trade.

"Tell me the secret of your success." The retired merchant prince could not but admire the audacity of the young man who faced him boldly as he asked the question.

"It is simply this," he answered after a moment's thought, "if goods at one dollar and a half don't go, mark 'em down to $1.98."

With an inside tip, who could not win?

That young man's sacrifice sales are now the talk of the commercial world.—Puck.

Roman Relics.

In the museum at Mavence, Germany, there are several iron-tipped piles which were used by the Romans 2,000 years ago.—Boston Traveler.

A VALET FROM POSEY COUNTY.

Prompt Action by the Guests Averted the Catastrophe.

An artist in this town, whose name is not unknown, invited half a dozen friends to a little stag in his studio one night last week, says the New York Sun. The entertainment that developed was unexpected. This artist shares a valet with four other bachelors who live in the same building, which is not far from the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue. On the night of the stag the valet was ill and sent a substitute.

The artist had his doubts when he saw the substitute. The man had an English accent in spots. A cross-examination developed the fact that he came from Posey county, Indiana, and had worked in an east side "English chop house," and later for a tailor in Broadway whose sign read "late of London." He assured the artist that he knew how to serve the supper, and that was all that was required.

The guests arrived and sat down to a little game of poker, with an occasional brown sherry as an appetizer. The host had received a case of champagne from his friend, the wine agent, and that was one of the most important reasons for the gathering. Early in the morning he told the Posey county substitute to see that the wine was properly iced and ready for quick service.

A big jack pot was on. It had gone around three times, and each man was hoping to open it. Except for the rattle of the sweeteners and the remarks "Cards?" "Can't," "No good," and an occasional little word that rhymes with jam, the studio was quiet. In an adjoining room the Posey county valet was preparing the supper. Suddenly there was a loud report like a pistol. Every man at the poker table looked up.

"Boom-boom-boom, rang out three more reports.

"What the ——"

"I don't know," interrupted the host, jumping up.

"Boom, boom, again from the adjoining room.

"Sounds like a Presidential salute," said the portrait painter.

Boom, boom, again, and the whole party rushed in to investigate. No one of them is willing to repeat the host's remarks when he had investigated. They may be indicated in print in this way: "* * *—* * *—! ! ! * * * ! ! ! * * * —— * ! ! ! !" And they were emphasized by more explosions. The zealous Posey county man had cut away the strings from the champagne corks, so that he could serve the wine quickly when the signal was given and the corks had worked loose. The poker party sprang to the rescue. Each man grabbed a bottle and put it to his lips. Other corks flew out. The poker game was forgotten, and the Posey county valet couldn't be found. He had made his escape after the first explosion.

"We didn't lose as much of the fizz as might be expected," said one of the guests, "but it was a heady way to take it."

The host has been guyed into a state of peevishness about his Posey county man, and therefore his name is not printed with this story.

NEVER DRAWS FROM LIFE.

Mrs. Craigie Has Been Clever From Childhood—A New Line of Work.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is remembered as being, in her extreme youth, an amusing and quaint little girl. In her cleverness she did honor to her American parentage, even at the tender age of 10. Miss Pearl Richards was an author, says the New York

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES."

Tribune. Mrs. Craigie says that in her books she has never attempted a portrait, her characters being never, in the smallest degree, drawn from life. She declares that hitherto she has studied dialogue almost entirely, but now she has turned her attention to other essential elements in fiction. "As to my preference for longer or shorter stories," she says, "to work out a larger plot requires more physical strength. My other books have been written under considerable disadvantage in the matter of health, as during their production I have been somewhat of an invalid. Under such circumstances an elaborate scheme is out of the question."

THE ZINC CURE.

How a Benevolent Little Old Lady Staggered a Rheumatic Sufferer.

A well-dressed, middle-aged man was hobbling up Sixth avenue, near Fourteenth street, with evident signs of pain at every step he took, when he was accosted by a pleasant-faced little old lady in a widow's bonnet, black dress, and neat plaid shawl.

"Excuse my speaking, sir," she said, "but I take it you are a sufferer from rheumatism?"

"Indeed, I am," answered the man, leaning heavily on his two sticks, "and this damp weather makes it unendurable."

"I should not have spoken to you, sir," said the little old lady, "had I not considered it my duty to do so, just as I consider it every one's duty to help those in distress. My husband was an oyster dredger up at Port Jefferson, and he suffered horribly from rheumatism until an English sea captain told him to get an oblong piece of zinc about six by eight inches and wear it at the small of the back. He did so, and he never had another day's suffering from that time on. I have told a number of people about what I call the 'zinc cure,' and they have all used it with beneficial effect. Why not try it?"

"Why, certainly, I will, ma'am," the man said briskly, "and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," replied the little old lady, "and," bringing out a small reticule from under the shawl, "I always carry a number of those zinc plates with me for the use of sufferers like yourself. They are," and here she handed him one, "of the exact size and shape of that my poor husband wore with such success."

"Well, it is not often," the man began, when the pleasant-faced old lady went chirruping on:

"And I sell them at twenty-five cents apiece."

A queer, dazed look came over the man's face. But he handed out the quarter to the little old lady, who thanked him with quite a pretty smile and trotted off along Fourteenth street.

Then the man steadied himself on two stiff feet and one walking stick, and said, "Well, I'm damned!" and threw the zinc plate with all its curative powers on to the car track.—New York Sun.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will write to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. I will also furnish the remedy itself cheaper than your druggist can prepare it. Thomas Barnes, Box 648, Marshall, Mich.

Knew His Work.

First Reporter—What is your assignment to-day?

Second Reporter—The Rev. Dr. Slumsby's sermon.

First Reporter—Why, church is all over. What are you going to do?

Second Reporter—That's nothing. I'll just write a couple of columns attacking the police and health departments, and it will go all right.—Truth.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bull Ailing—Sores on Tongue.

J. H., Kansas: If the bull has a cough, you should have him examined by a qualified veterinary surgeon for tuberculosis. The thinness in flesh may or may not be caused by the disease named. As he seems in good health, examine his mouth carefully to learn if the teeth that look black are perfectly sound. If not, they must be removed. There may be some foreign substance between the teeth, under the tongue or between the jaw and the skin. You are advised if nothing is found to wash the mouth and tongue once a day with alum, 1 oz. Give a pint of castor oil, after which for five days put 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in briny water. Follow this for five days with copperas, ginger, gentian and sulphur, equal parts, by weight, one tablespoonful twice a day. Give ground feed, and none but the best of fodder.

Pigs Tremble and Fall.

J. O., Pennsylvania: You no doubt feed your hogs too liberally with heating food. Pigs at four months of age should receive just enough food so that they will clean it up well. You should have coal ashes in the pen in which the pigs may root. A little charcoal and salt is good for pigs. Feed ground oats and wheat, varied, if possible, with milk, but be careful not to feed corn too freely. Avoid giving corn for at least two weeks, and then see that it is free from damp. Thousands of pigs break down every year in this country by over-feeding with stimulating food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Reduce a Ringbone.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—To reduce a ringbone, get two bars of lead such as may be purchased at the country stores to make bullets out of for shooting; melt the end of each bar and stick or weld them together, and bend them around the pastern joint above the enlargement just tight enough to not slip down over the enlargement, smooth side in. Cut to the proper length, and punch a hole in each end, and with a good string tie it together around the pastern above the ringbone and let it remain, unless the skin should become irritated. If it does remove till the irritation is gone, then replace. This is a sure cure for ringbone that is not fully developed, or is still growing, but should be watched as it may return. Tighten the lead band as the enlargement reduces. There is no cure that I know of that will reduce ringbone that is of long standing or becomes thoroughly developed.—John P. Treece, Indiana.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Don't Sell the Old Horse.

The following sensible words are from the Indiana Farmer: Before offering the old horse for sale we wish that farmers would think a little of his probable fate if he is so unfortunate as to be sent to the city. The faithful old animal deserves better fate than to fall into the hands of some garbage man or rag dealer, as he is most likely to do if brought here.

Just now we saw a poor, starved pony, superannuated creature, driven by a ragged old colored man to a rickety wagon, in which was a load of some unknown substance, hidden from view by a large piece of dirty muslin. The prominent bones of the horse gave evidence of scant feeding and hard treatment. It seems that officers should interfere with such cases and cause the animal to be shot and put out of the possibility of such suffering, as he will inevitably be subjected to in such hands. The colored man bought him because he was diseased, worn out and cheap. He is not able to feed him properly and ought not to have him. The other day such a horse, because he was too faint and feeble to pull his load, was beaten and then knocked down in the street. The driver was arrested, we believe, and fined for his cruelty, but the poor starved and beaten horse got little comfort out of that fact.

The farmer who has had long and profitable service from his horses ought to be willing to give them comfortable shelter and food after they are past usefulness till death. If not able to do that his conscience will suffer less if he shoots and buries them, than, for the sake of a few dollars, sells them to strangers to be starved and brutally treated during their few remaining years.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

At this season the colonies should be carefully looked over and a sufficient store of food for winter provided, says Farm and Home. Should any colonies be lacking in stores, take out empty combs and set in frames of honey until they have about 40 pounds of honey. If without honey feed granulated sugar. Bring a vessel of water to a boil, then add twice the weight in sugar, gradually stirring in. When cool add one-fifth honey; it will be in no danger of granulating.

For a feeder, cut a board to fit tight across the frame excepting at one corner. Remove a frame from the outside and set in the frame of syrup. Provide an open space next to the bees and close the hive. Feed every third day or until the desired amount has been fed. Another school is to leave on the top story and spread a cloth over a pan filled with honey and set on the frames of the lower hive. Should the bees be slow in finding it, put some syrup on a strip of cloth and hang from the pan down to a cluster of bees. They will soon find the syrup. Before putting on the top hive, remove the honey board or syrup cloth. Never bother a cluster of bees after feeding.

When through feeding, take off the top hive, put the cloth back and leave the bees until it is time to put them in the cellar. The hives may be left out until winter has set in for good, when they may be given a late fly. A little exercise at that period does them lots of good. Set the hives in the cellar in rows four to six inches from the ground. Rem

PEACHBLOW VASE MYSTERY

MORE PROFOUND THAN EVER SINCE W. T. WALTER'S DEATH.

Supposed to be in Baltimore Collection—It Has Disappeared—Sold for $18,000 a Few Years Ago.

A credulous old woman with more money than she knew what to do with and a clever dealer in antiquities who came across a reddish little stone jug in a remote Chinese town were the original parties to the great mystery of the Peachblow Vase, which has now been revived after a lapse of eight years, by the death of William T. Walters in Baltimore. The little jug, which was intrinsically worth about 2 cents and would make a good vinegar cruet, was put up at auction in March, 1886, and sold for $18,000.

Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan had paid $15,000 for it. It was called the Peachblow Vase because of its peculiar color, which resembled crushed strawberry. It was a washed-out red and was far from beautiful, but the secret of producing the color was said to have been lost, although excellent imitations of the vase were made and sold in this city at the time for $1.50 apiece, says the New York World.

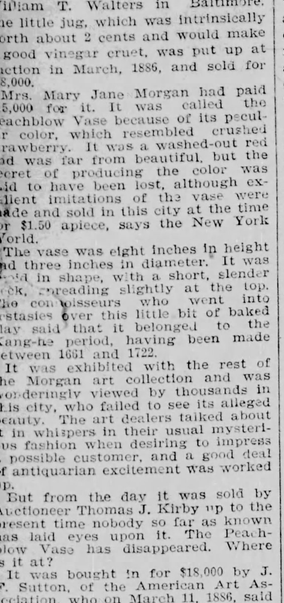
The vase was eight inches in height and three inches in diameter. It was oval in shape, with a short, slender neck, spreading slightly at the top. The connoisseurs who went into ecstasies over this little bit of baked clay said that it belonged to the Kang-he period, having been made between 1661 and 1722.

It was exhibited with the rest of the Morgan art collection and was wonderingly viewed by thousands in this city, who failed to see its alleged beauty. The art dealers talked about it in whispers in their usual mysterious fashion when desiring to impress a possible customer, and a good deal of antiquarian excitement was worked up.

But from the day it was sold by Auctioneer Thomas J. Kirby up to the present time nobody so far as known has laid eyes upon it. The Peachblow Vase has disappeared. Where is it at?

It was bought in for $18,000 by J. F. Sutton, of the American Art Association, who on March 11, 1886, said to a World reporter: "I wish it understood once for all that I bought the vase for W. T. Walters. When it reaches its destination I trust that the Baltimore papers will no longer prevaricate about it." Here is a statement of one of the Baltimore papers to which Mr. Sutton referred: "The New York papers yesterday contained an account of the sale of the celebrated crushed strawberry vase. The papers all agreed on the statement that the purchaser was Mr. William T. Walters. Mr. Walters returned to Baltimore yesterday. To a reporter he said: 'The idea that I should pay $18,000 for the vase is ridiculous. I neither bought it myself nor did any one else buy it for me, nor did I buy it for any one else.'"

Mr. Sutton, however, after bidding in the Peachblow Vase as agent, continued to insist that he had bought it for Mr. Walters and that the price had been paid and the vase delivered. Here



THE FAMOUS PEACHBLOW VASE.

was a well developed mystery. A new element was injected into it by the statement that the real purchaser was Mr. Brayton Ives, of this city. Mr. Ives said the vase was not in his possession.

Finally two great metropolitan journals got fighting over the mystery and both Mr. Ives and Mr. Walters were lost sight of for a time, as the row threatened to become personal. One of these papers directly attacked the character of the Peachblow Vase, which it declared to be the monumental humbug of the age. When the smoke of battle had cleared away the question as to who owned the vase had narrowed down to Mr. Ives and Mr. Walters. They refrained from participation in the wordthrowing that had been going on, but they told their friends they knew nothing of the whereabouts of the little jug.

The mystery was never cleared up, but the opinion of art lovers finally settled into the conviction that it was in the Walters collection in Baltimore. Mr. Walers refusing to discuss the question, which had annoyed him.

Now, however, upon the death of Mr. Walters, when the great mystery of the Peachblow Vase seemed upon the point of being finally cleared up, it becomes more profound than ever. One of the best authorities on art in this country positively declared on Wednesday that it was in the Walters collection. The World correspondent at Baltimore thereupon saw Mr. Henry Walters, the only son of the great art collector. He declared that the Peachblow Vase was not in the Walters collection and never had been.

The only other place where it could be, in the opinion of art authorities, was in the Brayton Ives collection. But here comes in a new element in the mystery. Mr. Ives has a peachblow vase, but not the Peachblow Vase.

Montague Marks, editor of the Art Amateur, said yesterday: "I have seen Mr. Ives's vase, and while it resembles the original Peachblow Vase, yet I can assert that it is not the same." Mr. Ives never admitted owning the Peachblow Vase, and appeared to be about as much in the dark about it as every one else.

Now the question is, Where is it? Nobody would buy such a thing for $18,000 in order to hide it away from sight. Nobody, so far as known, has laid eyes upon it since it was sold at auction. There is some strange mystery here.

Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion *cannot* be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world *means something.*

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overcomes *Wasting*, promotes the making of *Solid Flesh*, and gives *Vital Strength.* It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anaemia, Emaciation, and

Wasting Diseases of Children.

Thousands have gained flesh at sight of it. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR SMITH.

Wanted to Return Five Cents and Was Taken for a Bunco Man.

Not to be provided with small coins sometimes leads to embarrasing situations on the surface of cars. A friend of mine, whom I shall call Smith, had an experience the other day which he will not soon forget, and more than a dozen passengers on a Broadway car will go through life, if they do not read the story, believing they saw a genuine "bunco" man trying to secure prey in the leading thoroughfare of the city.

This Mr. Smith boarded a Broadway car at Twenty-third street to go to Canal street. When the conductor asked for his fare he searched through all his pockets for a small coin. Failing to find one, he took out his pocketbook and handed the conductor a $10 bill.

"I can't change that," said the conductor coldly. Smith asked some person in the car to give him change for the bill, but none seemed able to do so.

"Do you want me to leave the car?" asked Smith.

"You need not do that," said the conductor, "but you should not expect a conductor to give change for so large a bill."

Then an old lady—one of those good old souls you meet everywhere—made her presence known. "Here, Mr. Conductor," she said, "I'll pay the man's fare. I don't like to have you stand it, as I'm afraid you will."

She handed the conductor a 5 cent piece. He "rang up" the fare and Smith thanked her for her kind act. Then he again started out to get change for his bill. He had asked a half dozen men to accommodate him and he had reached the forward end of the car before he found one who could or would make the necessary change. Small bills and coins were counted out in his hand while he still held his own $10 bill. Just as the last dime had been counted, and before he had handed over his $10 bill, Smith happened to see the kind old lady leaving the car. Hoping to catch up to her, he started forward with his own and the other man's money held firmly in his hand.

"Hold on, you don't get away with my money so esily as that!" shoted the man who had furnished the change, while he grasped Smith by the arm and pulled him roughly around. Every passenger in the car looked at Smith with suspicion, and he was so embarrassed he could not say a word for himself.

"You are a bunco man" was plainly written on the face of ever one in the car, and Smith read the words as plainly as though they had been actually written. The man seemed ready to assault him, and the women crouched as far away from him as possible.

"But I only wanted to give the lady her nickel," Smith finally managed to say. "I had no thought of taking your money."

"Well, she's gone now," said the man, who had not relaxed his grip, and the best thing you can do is to give me back my money. I want my own, too—not your bill, which may be spurious."

Smith gave him his money, sat down in a far corner of the car, and for the rest of his journey tried to be unconscious of the withering glances cast upon him. As he alighted at Canal street he heard a distinct sigh of relief from every passenger in the car.—New York Herald.

HOW A CAT FALLS.

Members of the French Academy Trying to Find Out.

A select company of the savants of Paris has been endeavoring to determine why it is that when a cat has to execute a fall it invariably falls upon its feet. To this end the society has subjected a subject to a series of falls from a height of some eight-and-forty inches. The drops have been made as awkward for the animal as science knew how, but the result has always been the same. In the course of its brief descent Grimalkin has always contrived a means to land neatly on all fours, with its tail at a triumphant right angle. How does it do it? The cat's determination to keep its secret has baffled the closest inquiry. No less than sixty instantaneous photographs have been taken of as many phases of the chute. At a convenient distance from the finish the cat is seen revolving in itself, without any visible assisting force, and stopping in its revolution when it has got right side uppermost. And all science can do is to abuse the cat for violating the laws of nature. The explanation of the phenomenon would seem to be that pussy knows better how to fall than the laws of nature could teach the scientist.—Pall Mall Gazette.

In Georgian Vales

The sweetest roses grow. Keep your breath fragrant as the perfumed gales of this enchanting land, and your teeth fair and lustrous as the pearls of the Orient by using SOZODONT, that most charming and wonderful dentifrice, which no lady's toilet should be without.

JESTS IN RHYME AND PROSE.

A Possibility.

That Christmas comes but once a year
Is quite a lucky stroke;
If it came oftener 'tis clear,
Man would be always broke.
—Buffalo Courier.

St. Peter to the Fashionable Girl.

You haven't been guilty of very much sin,
And though we're not over delighted to get you,
We will not repulse you, so you can come in—
Ahem! that's to say, if your sleeves, miss, will let you.
—New York Press.

Economy.

"Marlar," said the Mormon gentleman, "hain't you kep' them letters I wrote you when I was courtin'?"

"Yes," said his wife.

"I allowed you had. I wish you would get 'em out so I can use 'em. I got another wife in view."—Indianapolis Journal.

How the Trouble Began.

George was gazing dreamily at the dear girl's back hair.

"Laura," he said, making a motion as if to adjust it, "do you know there is a lockout?"

"No," she answered, "but I know there's going to be a strike."

And he got it on the car.—Chicago Tribune.

Doubtless With Good Reason.

Uppen A. Cumming—The fact is, sir, women need more exercise. I'm going to give my wife a Christmas present of a foothill.

Tellus Y. Knott—I'm not. My wife does enough kicking already.—Chicago Tribune.

Only Partial Success.

"I thought I had hit on a great scheme not long ago," said the fat man.

"What was it?" asked the man with the straw-colored vest.

"Why, a fellow down in the country had occasion to send me $5 by mail. Now, you know, it is a well-known fact that money can be detected in an envelope by the smell. So I wrote to him to perfume the letter in order that the scent of the money could not be noticed."

"Um. How did it work?"

"Oh the letter got through all right, but the idiot addressed it to the house. And the letter he'd perfumed, my wife opened it and I only got $15 out of the $5.—Indianapolis Journal.

Profound Philosophy.

She—Strange how drowning persons will catch at a straw.

He—Yes, especially when there is a nice, refreshing julep at the other end of it.—Truth.

Satiated.

Weary Watkins—Well, why didn't you come back with no bird?

Hungry Higgins—They wasn't nothin' in the hen house but turkeys.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Editor of Camp Fire:—After the repulse of Grant's army at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 2 and 3, 1864, Gen. Grant commenced to move his army to the south side of the James river. The 1st Division, 9th A. C., reached the enemy's lines, near Petersburg, on the evening of June 16. Rebel troops under Beauregard were in front. During the night the boys erected a line of rifle pits. On the morning of the 17th the command was to form in front of the works. During the day we had advanced probably one mile, with troops on both right and left, and a line in our front was more or less engaged with Rebel troops. During the afternoon the 3d Division, 9th Corps, made a charge to the right and was terribly used up. The 1st Division was moved forward to a ravine, with the Rebel corps quite close to our front. It was formed in three columns, brigade front. The "Round Heads" were ordered out as skirmishers. Just to our right was the ground where lay the dead and wounded of Wilcox's 3d division. In the formation of our line we faced the setting sun.

As we moved out and reached the top of the bank of the ravine, the Rebel line was not over 100 yards distant. The 46th Virginia (rebel) was in front of where the writer was. Getting up toward the rebel works, there was not a line of battle following us. The bugle sounded the recall, those of the boys who were able to go back did not require the second invitation. We had hardly reached the ravine until the boys lined up once more. What the grand old 3d Division, under Wilcox, could not do in driving the rebs was going to be more than play for the 1st Division, which numbered about 4,700 men. We were ordered to forward up the bank once more, three lines following us up. The rebel infantry and artillery opened a death dealing fire on the lines. On and up to the works, so close it is hard to tell whose rifle flashes they were, over into the rebel works go the lines of blue, any they were won. The 1st Division's loss was about 1,700 killed and wounded. The enemy, or what few got out, were pursued a short distance further. On the following day, the enemy were crowded back along this part of the front, probably one mile, which position they retained until April 2, 1865.—W. H. H., late "Round Head," Beaver Falls, Pa.

The Shiloh Reunion.

Editor Camp Fire:—There will be some interesting reunions of the old veterans during the Shiloh Battlefield reunion in April next. The survivors of the 3rd Iowa infantry will hold a reunion with the 41st Illinois infantry on the steamer Nisbet going up the Tennessee river. These regiments were known as "twin brothers" of "Pap" Pugh's first brigade, 4th division of the Army of the Tennessee, and served during the entire war together becoming very much attached to each other. The survivors of Crocker's Iowa brigade will attend and help mark the positions at the "Hornet's Nest." The Shiloh association of Nebraska will attend in a body. The Chickamauga commission, composed of Gens. Fullerton, Boynton, Col. Smith and Gen. Stewart, will attend. Gens. McClernand, Lew Wallace, B. M. Prentiss, J. R. Chalmers, D. C. Buell, R. J. Oglesby, Col. William Preston Johnston, Gen. William B. Bates, Col W. T. Shaw, Col. A. C. Waterhouse, Capt. Ed. McAllister, Col. I. P. Rumsey, Col. D. B. Henderson, and many others of the Shiloh survivors, will be there to help locate their positions held during the battle. It is proposed to also visit Corinth, Miss., Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain when the reunion at Shiloh is over. It will be the largest reunion ever held on the old battlefield.

The bill to purchase the battlefield and to make it a great national memorial park has passed the House and Senate, and Shiloh is to be made a great national memorial park like Gettysburg and Chickamauga, where the survivors of the old Army of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi will meet and erect memorials in honor of the gallant men who fought and fell on that battlefield, where 114,338 men took part on April 6 and 7, 1862, under Gens. Grant, Buell, Johnston and Beauregard.

The Shiloh Battlefield association desires the names and postoffice address of all survivors of that battle. The secretary has the names of 12,000 of the survivors, and when all are in, a complete roster will be printed. Send all names with company and regiment to E. F. Lee, secretary Shiloh Battle, field association, Monticello, Ill.

Steedman at Nashville.

Editor Camp Fire:—At the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, one of the most stubborn fights occurred on the Confederate right, at Overton's Hill. One of the brigadiers in the line confronting the hill, Col. Post, thought no assault, though costly, would carry the point. He was permitted to make the attempt, and Steedman's Second (colored) brigade, troops never before under fire, was ordered to advance on an opposite face of the work and make a feint in support of Col. Post's men moved at a run, but when within twenty paces of the parapet a concentrated fire of musketry and grape checked them. Col. Post fell severely wounded, and the power of impact was lost by the scattering of the ranks. Steedman's colored soldiers became excited when the canister struck them, and turned the feint into a headlong charge up to the parapet, where they, too, were hurled back. This was the failure of the day on the Union side, and half the losses of the whole field occurred there.

As soon as Shy's hill was conquered and the lines adjoining gave way, Wood's men marched up Overton's holl unopposed, and the Confederate army from left to right dropped away in a state of wild disorder, soon ending in a stampede.

Gen. J. B. Steedman, the hero of Thomas's left flank, had been a Democrat in the days when that term implied pro-slaveryism; moreover, a delegate to the famous Charleston convention in 1860. The whirligig of time gave him a strange destiny—the leadership of colored troops storming breastworks to gain their freedom.—George L. Kilmer.

Goose for the Colonel.

Editor Camp Fire:—As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese, and one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in the drum. Shortly afterwards the colonel came along, and, noticing the boy shirked his usual drum whacks, rode up to him and said, "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you." The colonel drew still closer to him, and bending down his head, said: "Well, what have you to say?" The drummer whispered, "Colonel, I've a couple of geese in here." The colonel straightened up, and gravely said: "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and rode on. The colonel had roast goose that night.—A. B.

That Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25 cents.

Purely Disinterested.

Thinkitt—Who is the man who's praising New York so extravagantly? A New Yorker, I suppose.

Knowitt—Oh, no!—it's an English actor whose season begins here next week.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Musical Item.

Inquisitive Tommy—"Pa, why don't the canary bird sing?"

Pa—"Because she is not a male."

Tommy—"That's funny. Mamma isn't much of a male, either, and she can sing the socks off anybody in this town."

UPPER NO. "10" TUMBLES

SUDDEN EXITS FROM BERTHS ON SLEEPING CARS.

Lower No. 7 Has the Cinch According to Marie Jansen, Lillian Russell and Others.

The sleeping car gave a sudden lurch, and the real sweet young girl who had been sitting on the edge of an upper berth wondering which was the best way to climb down without attracting attention landed very unceremoniously in the center of the aisle.

A couple of gentlemen assisted the surprised and blushing maiden to her feet, and as she stammered, "O—oh! I'm not hurt—it was so sudden!" her mother, who occupied the lower berth, stuck her head out between the curtains and remarked very sternly:

"Minnie! Is that you? I just thought something like this would happen!" The

MISS JANSEN CAME DOWN WITH A THUMP.

embarrassed daughter fled to the seclusion of the end of the car as the parent continued, by way of explanation, that it was the "child's" first experience in a sleeper. Then she pulled her head and prepared to make her appearance.

Minnie recovered from the shock and became quite popular with the passengers in the car almost before breakfast was over, even if she hadn't traveled in a sleeper before.

The little incident or accident happened on an east-bound Chicago limited train not long ago, on which a New York Journal reporter happened to be a passenger.

The oldtimers in the car with Miss Minnie had several good laughs over the young lady's lack of experience and her neglect to call the porter and have him place the steps so she could have descended from the upper berth without accident.

Then they commenced telling of the numerous methods employed by ladies before they really knew just how to climb in or out of an upper berth in a sleeping car. It is probable that many of the stories told were somewhat embellished by frequent repitition, as the alleged heroines certainly must have been professional contortionists in order to assume many of the positions mentioned without breaking at least one leg.

Some of the stories were undoubtedly true. In fact, Marie Jansen told the same reporter of her first experience descending from an upper berth. She was a school girl at the time. The porter

SHE GOT MAD WHEN JOE HART OFFERED HER A CIGAR.

had made up the berth quite early in the evening, and consequently Miss Jansen was awake quite early when morning came. She had climed into the berth with the aid of a step-ladder, but when she was about to climb down she forgot all about the steps. As it happened, there was a man in the aisle a few sections away, and, of course, she didn't care to make a "show" of herself, so she thought she'd slip down inside the curtains with the lower berth for a foot rest, even if she did awake the old lady beneath her.

The now well known actress lowered one foot a dozen or fifteen inches, when she heard a very masculine voice from below remark: "Outside the curtains, please."

Her breath left her almost entirely for a moment. Then she remembered that the old lady was to have left the train shortly after 1 o'clock, and that the lower berth had been relet. Her aunt was also in an upper berth across the aisle, but a glance informed the perplexed girl that she was not awake. Then she decided to remain in her berth until her aunt got up, but after a few minutes she could stand it no longer, and after several attempts parted the curtains, grabbed the bar on which the curtains hung with one hand—she never could tell why she didn't use both hands—and slid out over the curtains. When she released her hold—goodness only knows how it happened—but she sat down on the edge of the lower berth very softly.

Miss Jansen, in relating the little circumstance, said:

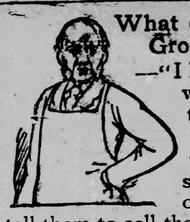
"I didn't wait for explanations, but

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S FUNNY BONE BECAME MOROSE.

ran to the end of the car, where I remained until Auntie came after me. And the horried man never so much as looked at me during the rest of the journey. I never forgot the porter and the step-ladder whenever I had occasion to alight from an upper berth after that experience."

Lillian Russell smiled as though she enjoyed the question when asked about her first experience in making the descent from an upper berth in a sleeping car. She continued to smile for a moment or two before she answered. Then she said: "I shall never forget how she crawled the aisle of the car the morning after the first night she slept in an upper berth. It was when she was going West over the Pennsylvania that she reflected to call for the step-ladder. After contemplating just what to do for a few moments, and finding no one watching, she grasped the curtain bar with one hand and then reached over and grasped the curtain bar on the other side of the aisle. Suspended in this way she thought that by simply letting go her hold she would land on her feet in the center of the aisle.

Miss Russell did land on her feet in the center of the aisle, but as invariably happens when the descent is made in this way, both elbows came in very forcible contact with the edges of the upper berths on either side, and nine times out of ten the "funny bones" suffer. Miss Russell was lucky. She only struck one "funny bone," but this bone continued to be "funny" for half an hour—at least long enough to make Miss Russell remember the sensation so that she has no more need to think about sleeping cars.



What one Grocer says:

—"I hire clerks who can sell the goods that I tell them to sell—and of course I tell them to sell the goods on which I make the most money. If they can't do it, I won't have them. That's what I hire them for." This is an actual fact related by a grocer to our salesman—and it's a common fact; we have it daily. So, when they tell you that some washing-powder is "the same as" or "as good as" **Pearline**, it's because it pays a larger profit. Too large, altogether, if clerks can be hired to make people take things they don't want and know nothing of, instead of a tried and proved article like **Pearline.** 391

SATURDAY EVENING LAUGHS.

A Lonesome Town.

"It do beat all how lonesome I've been since we came to New York."

"Why, how's that? Not enough people here?"

"Oh, yes; people enough; but how's a woman to jes' throw a shawl over her head 'n' go through the back gate a-neighborin', in one o' them flats?"—New York Recorder.

A Higher Life.

Lottie—Before Ethel married that young literary man she told me one day that her union with him was going to raise her to a higher life.

"Well—And did it?"

Lottie—Yes; they are living in an attic now.—Evansville Journal.

Well to be Cautious.

The Trust Magnate's Secretary—Here's a man at the door, sir, who wants to get a letter from your company has absolute control of the market. I think he's contemplating an investment.

The Trust Magnate—Certainly, we control the market.

The Trust Magnate's Secretary—But he may be an investigating agent from Congress.

The Trust Magnate—Then tell him that the story about our controlling the market is a slanderous falsehood.—Chicago Record.

A Great Man.

"How big was Alexander, pa?'

"My son, they really say
That he could overlook the hat
Your ma wears to the play."
—Washington Star.

The Farmer's Mistake.

"Jerusha," cried Farmer Haymow, "come an' look at this young man on a bicycle. I'll be dinged if he hain't got his hair as long as a woman's."

"Sho!" exclaimed Jerusha, when she had adjusted her spectacles. "That there's a gal in bloomers."—New York Press.

She Was Posted.

Clerk—Well, if you don't like any of the pinks, here are some nice goods in green. I would be pleased to show you.

Aunt Abigail—No, yeou don't, young feller; I read the paper, an' I know all about you "green goods" fellers.—Boston Courier.

Those Girls.

"Oh, Sadie, I have a perfectly dreadful toothache, and I don't know what to do."

"You might see a dentist, you know."

"Oh-h-h! Why, of course; I was thoughtless. I couldn't expect you to sympathize much. It's been so long since you had a toothache, you know."—New York Recorder.

Progressing.

Uncle—What have you learned at school to-day, Robbie?

Robbie—Just how to take the back off my history and fix a real good Indian story into it, so the teacher can't find out that I ain't studying.—Pearson's Weekly.

Filling Up His Time.

Visitor (in a newspaper office)—Who is the little man at yonder desk?

Attendant—That is the religious editor.

"Does he do nothing but write religious matter?"

"Oh, yes; he writes the tips for races every day."—Spare Moments.

Not What He Meant.

Professor (to scholar)—What are you laughing at? Not at me?

Scholar—No, sir.

Professor—Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?—Boston Gazette.

In Early Youth.

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Tom Snack to an Irish friend the other day.

"Knew him!" he exclaimed. "I knew him when his father was a boy!"—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

LITERARY TIT-BITS.

The prize of one guinea offered by Tit-Bits for the best definition of "Life," has been awarded to the following definition: "Life—a trial trip before the launch into eternity."

Ibsen writes very slowly and carefully, and never takes a real vacation. Every day he devotes five hours literary work—from 8 a. m. till 1. It takes him about five months to write a drama, and after completing one devotes six or seven months of mental preparation for a new one. He rewrites each play three times, it is said.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is preparing to emulate Mr. Du Maurier. He has written a story of Venus and Tannhauser, and has provided twenty full-page illustrations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes received $500—the highest price he ever touched for a single poem—for his verses eulogizing Garfield.

In one month 25,000 copies of Hall Caine's The Manxman have been sold in England—a sale unequaled by any novel since Lothair.

The Polite British Waiter.

The extreme politeness of the average English waiter is a continual source of merriment.

He thanks you when he brings your soup, again when he brings your napkin, when he takes away your plate, when he brings your dinner, when he happens to find you looking at him, in fact, he says "Thank you" at every turn, and says it in such a jerky, mechanical fashion that you cannot repress a smile. His example is followed by the bus conductor, who thanks you for your fare and thanks you again when he hands you your ticket, and by the theater usher when he seats you, and by every servant you meet, in the most inappropriate manner. They overdo the "thank you" business and always employ the same jerky manner and mechanical tone.—Chicago Record.

Great Strain on the System.

Cultured Miss—"I'm tired to death."

Friend—"Where have you been?"

Cultured Miss—"To an orchestra rehearsal."

Friend—"That shouldn't tire you."

Cultured Miss—"Yes, but they played three or four popular selections, not classic a bit, you know—just perfectly delightful and jolly."

Friend—"Then what tired you?"

Cultured Miss—"Trying to look bored, of course."—New York Weekly.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 146, Delray, Mich.

The Sunday School.

Feeding the Five Thousand.

LESSON II., JANUARY 13, 1895.
Golden Text: He hath filled the hungry with good things.—Luke 1:53.

LESSON TEXT.
(Mark 6:30-44.)

30. And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.

31. And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

32. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.

33. And the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him.

34. And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.

35. And when the day was now far spent, his diciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

36. Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred penny-worth of bread, and give them to eat?

38. He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

40. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42. And they did all eat, and were filled.

43. And they took up twelve baskets full of fragments, and of the fishes.

44. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

Illustrative Applications.

Told him all things whatsoever they had done, and whatsoever they had taught (v. 30). In many a home, when the day's work is over and the night has shut in, as the little boy is making ready for bed, or after he has laid his head on the pillow, he pours into the listening ear of his loved mother, as she bends over him to hear the report of the day, a story of all that he has done and all that he has said during the day,—especially if all that he thinks may not have been just what it should have been. That nightly confession is one of the best human safeguards of that boy: so long as he keeps it up in frankness and fidelity, he is not likely to go very far astray. It would be well if all of us retained enough of childlikeness to tell Jesus truthfully and plainly at the close of every day just what we have done, and just what we have said, since our last report to him. It might have an influence in checking some of our harsh words during the day, if we knew we were to report them word for word, to Jesus at nightfall.

Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while (v. 31). Rest is as much of a duty—although it is not always as much of a privilege—as work in Christ's service. It is often harder to rest than to work—a great deal harder to find time for it. Not those who want rest, but because we need it, is the prime reason for our seeking rest, however hard it may be for us to get it. Unless we rest when we need rest, we shall not be able to work when we need to work. We can do more work with rest included than we can with rest excluded. Recess and vacation are quite as essential as study hours in the school progress of any pupil. Going off for a rest is a most laudable pursuit, in its timeliness, to any hard worker. Nothing is so important as taking hold in life's labors. Doing nothing is sometimes the best work a man can do—the only work he really ought to do just then. It is a great thing to know when to rest and when to work. Jesus told his disciples their duty, time by time: he is ready now to be equally explicit in giving directions to any follower of his who lacks wisdom on this point, and asks for it.

Many * * * ran there together on foot, * * * and outwent them (v. 33). That's the way to do it! If you want a blessing, go for it, even if you have to go afoot. If a sea stands between you and the blessing, go around it—if you can't go over it or under it. And see that you lose no time in your going. If you're on foot, run. It is all right for the hard-worked one to seek rest, and to get it if he can. But it is all right for you to follow up the hardest-worked one, and ask him to do one thing more for you. And, after all, it is only a question of who is the most determined and press-vering in this contest. If you want the service as much as the worker wants the rest, and are more in earnest to have the service than he is to have the rest, you will get what you are after; you have no right to expect it otherwise. Great benefits in this world escape those who will let them escape. Great benefits are secured by those who will not let them go, and who, if they are going, will run after them. And there was nothing there better pleased Jesus while he was here on earth than importunity and persistency in following him up to get the best blessing he had to bestow. That way of following him up pleaser him as much to-day as ever it did.

Send them away that they may go and buy themselves something to eat (v. 36). Whether that was wise or not on the disciples' part, it was intensely natural. There is nothing we are readier to give to those who are in extremity than good advice; and there is no advice which we more commonly think is good than telling hungry men to go and buy themselves something to eat—whether they have anything to buy with or not. There is nothing unfeeling about that, you know. We wouldn't be so cold-hearted as to pay no attention to the poor creatures; not we. We show our interest in them. We let them know that we appreciate their condition and needs. We even go so far as to tell them exactly what is the thing for them to do. Most of us have been large helpers of our race in this way. We have told a great many, first and last, to go and buy something to eat, to go and get work, to go and look for ourselves. If they haven't all followed our counsel, we are not to be blamed for that. Oh, no! We have been just like the disciples—so far.

He said, Give ye them to eat (v. 37). There shows the difference between Jesus and his disciples. They said, Send away the hungry to look out for themselves. He said, Provide for the hungry, yourselves. Opportunity brings responsibility. When there is a work brought before us for our doing we ought to do it. The fact that we can't do it is no reason why we shouldn't do it. Dr. Bushnell preached a sermon from this command of Jesus, on the theme, "Duty Not Measured by Ability." What we ought to do settles the question of what we can do. Very few persons would do much of anything worth doing, or worth nothing, if they only attempted the possible. It is the compassing the impossible which calls out the best energies of young and old. At home in your daily business, in every special emergency of life, the question for you to consider is, not, What can I do? but, What ought I to do? When you realize what duty is, go ahead and do it—whether you can or not.

He took the five loaves and two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake; and gave (v. 41). Here is an example for us all, and for always. Jesus did not attempt to do the work by himself undertaken—so simple a work as breaking bread to the hungry—without looking up to heaven for a special blessing in that work. Are you more competent for your work than Jesus was for his? Dare you undertake to eat a meal without asking a blessing? Do you feel able to write a letter, or to buy a broom, or to cook a dinner, or to drive a horse, or to study a lesson, or to counsel a child, unless you have requested a blessing and have had it granted you? Nor did Jesus attempt to feed those people even with God's help except by using all the material he had available for the needed work. He took every piece of bread and every bit of fish he could find at hand before he asked God to supply any lack. It will never do for us to expect help from God while we are refusing to help ourselves.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Generalized Too Much.

The French are a witty race, but French servants are reported to be the most stupid in the world. It is of a person of that race that this story is told.

Justine was reproved by her mistress for bringing home lobsters that were not fresh.

"You must positively not get any lobsters, Justine," said her mistress, "unless they are alive."

The servant took the injunction deeply into her consciousness. A few days afterward her mistress sent her to get some cheese.

"Is the cheese fresh, Justine?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, madam," answered the servant. "I was careful to see that it was alive."—Pearson's Weekly.

Aroused Her Suspicions.

"Is Misther Dolan very sick?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Ter'ble. The docther said the day he war goin' to diagnose his case."

"Goin' to phwat?"

"Diagnose it."

"Mrs. Dolan, take my advice. Put a musthard plashter on 'im an' trust to luck. More people nowadays is kilt by the docthers than by the disayse!"—Washington Star.

A Soft Answer.

Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of The Abandoned Wife was a miserable failure?

Critic—Ye-e-e-s; you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.—Philadelphia Item.

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(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

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We have a few copies left of "Nasby in Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

OUR TEA SET OFFER.

Our readers will notice that we again announce The Blade's tea sets, which was so popular with housekeepers of The Blade two and three years ago. This time, however, we make a great reduction in price, and offer such clubbing inducements as will give you the choice of sending cash or clubs.

It will be noticed that we offer these sets very low for cash, BUT MUCH LOWER FOR CLUBS. We prefer to GIVE AWAY these sets for clubs. Why spend money for a new tea set when you can raise a club in two hours that will give you the tea set for nothing? Every Blade family needs a new set of dishes.

COUPON NO. 10.

In the usual place in to-day's issue will be found coupon No. 10, for Part 10 of the art serial "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee."

The table of contents of Part 10 are as follows:

1.—Cana of Galilee.
2.—Wall of the Synagogue, Capernaum.
3.—Tiberias and Sea of Galilee.
4.—Mosque of Omar and Turkish Quarter.
5.—Zion's Gate.
6.—Tomb of Absalom.
7.—Ford, Jordan river.
8.—Aqueduct, Gilgal.
9.—Jacob's Well.
10.—A Woman of Samaria.
11.—Sychar.
12.—Mount Gerizim.
13.—Church of St. John, Samaria.
14.—Church of St. John, Samaria.
15.—Sea of Galilee.
16.—Tiberias.

"THE TARIFF LAW OF 1894."

We have printed the new tariff law, complete, on a 4-page extra the size of The Blade's pages.

We will send a single copy for 4 cents (two 2-cent stamps.)

Two copies for 5 cents.

Five copies for 10 cents.

Thirteen copies for 25 cents.

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THE WOOL CLIP OF 1894.

Mrs. S. N. D. North, the secretary of the national association of Wool Manufacturers, annually figures, as nearly as possible, the wool production of the country, and his conclusions are accepted as very near the absolute figure. He puts the wool clip of 1894 at 140,000,000 pounds, which is 10,800,000 pounds less than the clip of 1893. This shows that the low price of wool has diminished the number of sheep—they being sold for mutton, because unprofitable to keep.

The free traders endeavor to break the force of this argument by pointing to the fact that the clip for 1894, though smaller than that of 1893, exceeded the clip of 1891—the year after the McKinley tariff was enacted—by about a million pounds. This is a mere evasion. To diminish a flock by selling to the butcher is a far quicker operation than its enlargement by natural increase. The tariff act of 1883 reduced the wool duties so that there was not adequate protection to the flockmasters. Every one recalls the energetic appeals they made. The McKinley law gave them what they asked, and as fast as possible they added to their flocks. There was a progressive increase in the wool clip after 1890, but this year shows a decrease—which is due entirely to the placing of wool on the free list. Next year will show a much larger one, if we mistake not.

The remedy for lynchings is a statute making the county in which such an affair happens pecuniarily responsible in heavy damages to the legal heirs of the lynched person. Such a law would make every tax-payer a peace officer to prevent the crime; and prevention is better than cure.

And now Austria shows a disposition to adopt retaliatory measures for the injury done by our sugar tariff. The Democrats appear to have been animated by a desire to legislate so as to injure every interest possible, both at home and abroad—except the Sugar Trust, of course.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat wants "the best Republican in Maine for President in 1896," and at once Mr. Reed and Mr. Boutelle are on their feet.

This administration has enough tangles to unravel here at home, without seeking trouble with Spain.

STUDYING THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

The liquor question is the subject which a committee of fifty men, representing different communities and occupations, under the presidency of Hon. Seth Low, of New York city, has decided to take up and study, in the hope of securing a body of facts relating to the medical, legislative, ethical and economic aspects of the question which will serve as a basis for intelligent public and private action. It is the purpose of this committee to discuss with absolute impartiality all the facts which it is able to collect, and thus to secure for the evidence which it shall present a measure of confidence on the part of the public which is not accorded to partisan statements. The officers of the committee are as follows: Seth Low, president; Charles Dudley Warner, vice president; Professor Francis G. Peabody, secretary; William E. Dodge, treasurer. All communications relating to the subject of the committee's investigations are to be sent to Dr. John S. Billings, Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C.

The method of investigation consists in sending out to a large number of people a series of questions concerning their observations and impressions on the subject, and then tabulating the replies as statistically valuable. The circulars will be mailed to persons in various parts of the country who are over forty years of age, and who are engaged in mental work of a high class; judges, lawyers, scientific and medical men, bankers, financiers, managers of corporations, and so on. Its purpose is to get together "a body of facts relating to the medical, legislative, ethical, and economic aspects of the liquor question, which will serve as a basis for intelligent public and private action," and secure "a measure of confidence on the part of the public not accorded to partisan statements." The questions to which replies are asked are s follows:

1. Age? Occupation? 3. Are you a total abstainer? 4. If so, have you always been so? 5. Do you drink spirits, wine, or beer occasionally at a social function, but not daily? 6. Do you drink spirits, wine, or beer every day as a matter of habit? If so, please state the kind and amount of liquor thus consumed. (If affirmative answers are given to either of the last two questions, please state whether any particular form of alcoholic drink is in your case found ot be specially desirable or undesirable). 7. Are you aware of any chronic disturbance of your health; and if so, what is its nature? 8. Give any facts derived from your personal experience which will throw light on the problems under investigation.

The committee enters upon its work with a full realization of the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy data on this subject; but if a sufficient number of intelligent men of the age and classes named will frankly and truthfully reply to these questions, information of the greatest value will be obtained as a result of the compilation of the replies. While it is true many persons will be reluctant to answer questions in regard to their own indulgence in intoxicants, it is hoped to remove this objection by holding all individual replies as strictly confidential; the reports need not be signed, and no names will be given by the committee in any case.

A sub-committee has been appointed on the physiologtcal and pathological aspects of the drink problem, and it will devote itself to obtaining replies to interrogatories like the following:

1. Is the regular consumption of a moderate quantity of whisky, wine, or beer conducive to the maintenance of health and working power in any class of men? If so, in what class, and what is the average quantity thus useful?

2. What is the quantity of whisky, wine, or beer which the average man in good health may consume daily without special risk of injuring his health? Does this vary in connection with variations of age, of climate, or of occupation, and what are those variations?

The Blade most cordially endorses the work of the committee, because it is educational in its nature, and must necessarily result in a wide public discussion, through the press and otherwise, of the points involved. Such a discussion can not help being beneficial, for the investigation can result only in bringing out additional proof of the harmfulness of all intoxicants. This being thus brought to the attention of tens of thousands who have not given any thought to the subject, must necessarily increase the strength of the army already engaged in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

AFTER THE SLEEPING CAR MONOPOLY.

Senator Sherman has an amendment to the railroad pooling bill which will cause a lively debate in the Senate. It puts all sleeping car companies under the control of the Interstate Commerce commission, and fixes a definite maximum schedule of rates for berths—a half-cent per mile for lower and one-third of a cent for an upper berth. It also makes it mandatory that each sleeping-car shall carry a safe in which passengers' valuables shall be cared for free of charge—thus placing upon the company the same liability as that of the landlord of a hotel.

Whether sleeping-car companies are common carriers has been an unsettled point up to the present; but Sherman's amendment specifically declares that they are, and thus puts them under the control of the Interstate Commerce commission. This is a thing which should have been done years ago; and this, with the other provisions of the amendment, will commend it to the masses of the American people. The Pullman company is not in high favor with the traveling public, because of its extortionate rates, and every one will be glad to see it compelled to accept reasonable compensation for the service it furnishes.

The amendment will put several United States Senators in a rather warm position. They know that the people will be very solidly in favor of it, while the great trunk line railways will not, as they get a share of the receipts over their lines, and are thus interested in the prosperity of the sleeping-car companies. The Senators who are recognized as the supporters of railway interests will thus be placed between two fires. They will not want the Sherman amendment to become a law, yet will dislike to vote against it. Hece it is probable they will vote for the amendment, and then endeavor to kill the bill.

A jury at Huntsville, Ala., awarded the widow of Robert Ross a verdict for $16,000 damages against the Western Union Telegraph company for failing to deliver to Ross a telegram warning him that an attempt would be made to kill him. This verdict is of the greatest interest, as it practically holds that a telegraph company is liable for damages resulting from non-delivery of a message.

Wages at Carnegie's Homestead steel plant have been cut from 10 to 35 per cent. The men will submit. They see the futility of a strike in the present overstocked condition of the labor market.

Time is up to kill Bill Cook's gang again.

THE "PER CAPITA" FALLACY.

The currency question is the one occupying public attention at the present time, and it will continue so to do for a considerable period in the future, as it is certain the present Congress will not enact into law either the Carlisle bill, nor any other currency measure. There will necessarily be a period of public discussion of the various phases of the question—a campaign of education, in fact. And there is need of this. Misled by moonshine theories based upon fallacies and backed up by the falsehoods of designing demagogues, thousands of voters are groping in the darkness of absolute ignorance, and holding false doctrines in finance.

One of these is the "per capita" delusion. It is assumed that the volume of business bears a direct ratio to the amount of money per capita; that the more money there is, the more business will be done, and vice versa. This is an utter delusion. It leaves out of account entirely the enormous use of "bank paper"—checks, drafts, etc.—in making exchanges.

When there were no banks, or but very few, all transactions had to be settled in currency. But that state of things no longer exists. We have progressed far beyond the primitive era. The enormous development of means of rapid and frequent communication by railways, of conveying instructions and information by telegraph, with the vast increase of banking facilities and the growing use of them by the people, have much reduced the volume of currency required in the transaction of business. Bank credits perform all the functions of exchange. In a great city like Chicago, 97 per cent of the exchanges are made through bank paper, while for the whole country 93 per cent are thus affected. That is, of every $100 used in business transactions, $93 are paid through banks, and only $7 by the actual use of money.

Comptroller of the Currency Eckels lately undertook an investigation of this matter, by sending out circulars to all national banks, requesting a statement of the relative proportions of money and of checks used by householders on the settling day nearest to June 30 last, as indicated by the receipts at the banks from retail merchants in all lines of trade. Of the total number of 3,774 national banks in the country, 2,465 made the reports thus requested, from which the Comptroller's office has compiled the following table:

State.	Per cent of money.	Per cent of checks.
Alabama	33	67
Arizona	40.6	59.4
Arkansas	39.7	67.3
California	58.4	41.5
Colorado	29.5	70.5
Connecticut	45.4	54.5
Delaware	46.3	53.7
Florida	34	66
Georgia	29.8	70.2
Idaho	45.7	54.3
Illinois	44.8	55.2
Indiana	54.7	45.3
Iowa	40.6	59.4
Kentucky	46.1	53.9
Kansas	31.3	68.7
Louisiana	33.6	66.4
Maine	37.7	62.3
Maryland	41.9	58.1
Massachusetts	50.5	49.5
Michigan	45	54.9
Mississippi	13.5	86.5
Minnesota	56.8	43.2
Missouri	35.7	64.3
Montana	27.3	72.7
Nebraska	35.6	64.4
*Nevada	....	....
New Hampshire	42.9	57.1
New Jersey	49	51
New Mexico	16.4	83.6
New York	42.5	57.5
North Carolina	50.5	49.5
North Dakota	43.7	56.3
Ohio	56.8	43.2
Oklahoma	39.2	60.8
Oregon	51	49
Pennsylvania	47.9	52.1
Rhode Island	41	59
South Carolina	....	....
South Dakota	62.4	37.6
Tennessee	42.9	57.1
Texas	32.5	67.5
Utah	46.7	56.3
Vermont	37.8	62.1
Virginia	26.2	74.8
West Virginia	36	64
Washington	33.2	66.8
Wisconsin	40.5	59.5
Wyoming	56.4	43.6

*No returns of importance. ‖ No returns.

Note that in purely agricultural states like Arkansas, Texas and Florida the proportion of checks was even greater than in manufacturing states like Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. No clearer proof could be given that bank checks take the place of the actual money. In point of fact, the table is proof positive that bank paper largely displaces money even in the states where the latter is most abundant. Men prefer their use as more convenient and safer. It is not need which prompts them. Taken in connection with the fact that the banks of the country are full of idle money, that interest rates on good loans are lower than for years, and it is clear to every thinking man that there is an abundance of money for all needed purposes. Those who can not get it are those who either have nothing to sell, or who can not give good security when they wish to borrow.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lord Randolph Churchill is dying at the early age of 46—dying as a result of over-indulgence in narcotics and stimulants. It is said that he resorted to the latter for relief from the pain of an agonizing internal disorder; but their excessive use has proved that the remedy was worse than the disease. Thus ends a career at one time pregnant with glorious promise, but which proved to be like that of a meteor—brilliant and brief.

Ten years ago Lord Randolph Churchill's name was on every English politician's tongue. He was the "younger Disraeli," the bold leader of the young Tories; audacious in speech and action, with the habit of making crisp and pungent speeches on things political, and the right-hand man of Lord Salisbury. But success seemed to turn his head. He quarreled with the Premier, and in a fit of pique resigned from the Cabinet—gave up the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the honor of being the Tory leader in the Commons, and went to the people with a demand for a "vindication." The fate of Roscoe Conkling under similar circumstances befell him. The people did not take the same exalted view of the importance of Lord Randolph's retention in British politics that he himself entertained, and he vanished from active political life.

For some time people watched his course with interest, feeling that his many popular qualities as a politician would bring him again into public life. But he, in his mortification and disappointment, resorted to those habits which have made a quick ending of his life, and he soon was relegated to the list of political "has-beens." He is dying of paresis. Brilliant and talented, popular among men, and audacious yet tactful, he lacked balance, and was more of a sensationalist than a statesman.

From a financial point of view, Embezzler Seeley can afford to spend eight years in prison for his crime of stealing $350,000. He will have nearly $44,000 for each year's imprisonment.

The country will applaud Madeline Pollard for her determination not to go on the stage. The girl seems to have better judgment than her partner in guilt.

A RIDICULOUS DISPUTE.

A straggling debate has been irregularly carried on in the newspaper press for some little time as to what the Republican party will do concerning the tariff when, as is expected, it shall return to full power in the nation. That event cannot occur until the Presidential and Congressional elections of 1896. It is evident to any intelligent person that speculations are idle concerning the specific form of a tariff measure to be framed by a Congress which will not meet, unless convened in extra session, until three years have elapsed. No one can tell what the conditions of production may then be regarding any of the great industries. It seems reasonable to assume that a new tariff bill will be prepared, suited to the conditions then prevailing; but beyond this nothing is certain.

But while it is impossible for any one to say, so far in advance, what duty will be imposed on any given article, it is quite safe to assume that the Republican party will not abandon the protective principle. We do not believe that the national Republican convention of 1896 will change the definition of the doctrine of protection which was laid down at Minneapolis in June, 1892. It is a remarkable fact that a definition of protection was never made by any national convention before that time. It stands to-day as the only authorized and authoritative utterance on this point. It is as follows:

We reaffirm the American doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth abroad. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the Republican Congress.

We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty, and that on all imports coming in competition with the products of American labor, there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home.

Furthermore, there can be no doubt that the convention of 1896 will reaffirm the party's adhesion to the policy of reciprocity, originated by that peerless statesman, James G. Blaine, and engrafted on the McKinley bill through his efforts. The war of retaliation lately begun against our great agricultural exports by various foreign nations, notably by Germany and Spain, is showing the American people its value. The following is the utterance of the platform of 1892 upon this subject:

We point to the success of the Republican policy of reciprocity, under which our export trade has vastly increased, and new and enlarged markets have been opened for the products of our farms and workshops. We remind the people of the bitter opposition of the Democratic party to this practical business measure, and claim that, executed by a Republican administration, our present laws will eventually give us control of the trade of the world.

The Republican party was right in 1892 upon both the tariff and reciprocity. The people, misled by Democratic demagogy, believed it wrong. The injurious results following the repeal of the tariff law of 1890 have now convinced them that the policy which gave us such unexampled prosperity as that enjoyed in 1891 and 1892 cannot be abandoned without loss to themselves and damage to the nation. They will vote in 1896 for its restoration. It is idle at this juncture to squabble over future schedules. The papers which have been indulging in this would better turn their attention to something tangible.

RETALIATION AGAINST SPAIN.

Secretary Gresham's plan of retaliation against Spain is likely to involve us in a muddle, extrication from which will be costly, and probably humiliating as well. That country arranges her tariff schedules in two columns. The second contains the rates of duty imposed on imports from countries which she deems are "friendly" in their trade relations, while the higher rates in the first column are those charged on imports from "unfriendly" nations. The repeal of the reciprocity provisions of the McKinley law by the present Democratic tariff, and the imposition of a 40 per cent duty on raw sugar, have caused the Spanish authorities to deem the United States an "unfriendly" nation, and they therefore charge our imports the duties named in the first column of the Spanish tariff law.

Gresham threatens retaliation under a law enacted in 1890, which specifically authorizes this course against countries "making unjust discriminations" against imports from the United States. The method will be for the President to issue a proclamation closing the ports of this country to all imports from Spain and her colonies—including Cuba and Porto Rico, of course. Spain has been notified that this course will be adopted, but it is not believed in official circles at Washington that she will yield. The Spanish authorities deny that they have made any unjust discrimination. They take the position that the Spanish tariff is arranged in two columns, and that the countries with which she trades choose their own place by the manner in which they treat Spanish imports. This, however, does not seem to be a very forcible argument, and is probably resorted to merely as a pretext for declining to yield to the demand of the State department.

Should the President carry out the threat made by Secretary Gresham, and stop all Spanish imports, it will prove a very costly move for the people of the United States. It appears that seven-eighths of the raw sugar refined in the United States comes from the Spanish West Indies. The other eighth is supplied by Hawaii and the domestic product. It will be impossible to obtain raw sugar enough from other countries to supply the refineries, and something like 20,000 employes will thus be thrown out of work, either partially or entirely. This will largely increase our imports of refined sugar, and a considerable advance in price will result, which will come out of the pockets of the American people, and benefit nobody. Should Spain remain firm, either this result is to be anticipated, or else this government must recede from the position it has taken. This would be humiliating in the last degree; but this has been the outcome of every attempt of Secretary Gresham to deal with foreign affairs.

Dr. McGlynn has finally made his peace with Rome, and celebrated mass on Christmas day for the first time in eight years. Probably we shall hear but little more of him in the role of a reformer. His experience as an "unfrocked priest" has taught him the lesson of obedience to Archbishop Corrigan.

It appears that Japan puts little faith in the professed desire of China to make peace, because of the story that the Chinese are negotiating for the purchase of the Chilean navy, and are trying to enlist German officers for their army and navy.

That "race war" in Georgia has the usual features—all the casualties are confined to the negroes.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

From the dawn of history, all nations have celebrated the commencement of each new year, no matter what date they selected as its beginning, with festivities and rejoicings. From the time of the Julian reformation of the calendar, the first day, or the "calends," of January was observed as a public holiday by the Romans. They dedicated they day and the whole ensuing month to the god Janus, from whom it derives its name of January, and whom they represented as a man with two faces, one looking backward, the other forward, implying that he stood between the old and the new year with a regard to both.

From the very birth of Christianity the participation by Christians in the festival observances of New Year's Day was vigorously opposed as a participation in pagan practices, until, about the fifth century, the 25th of December had gradually become a fixed festival commemorative of our Lord's nativity, whereupon the 1st of January also assumed a specially sacred character as to the octave of Christmas Day and as the anniversary of Christ's circumcision. As such it still holds a place in the calendars of the various branches of the Eastern and the Western churches, but only as a feast of subordinate importance.

Though the religious character of New Year's Day is a subordinate one, the celebration is none the less hearty because it is largely a secular festival. A twelvemonth has passed, with its joys and sorrows, its failures and regrets. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and it is but natural that we should turn our faces bravely and joyously toward the coming year, feeling that it will bring us good gifts, even though Sorrow shall stand ready to add her portion to our lives. It is a day whereon every one of high aims and resolute endeavor sets anew the standard of his life and its possible achievements, and resolves that the experience of the year just closed shall be to him a lesson, and to make of its faults, his errors and his follies the rungs of the ladder whereby he may climb to higher and better things, a truer life, a more perfect manhood.

There is much good-natured fun poked at "New Year's resolutions," but it is a good thing that men find one day in the year to reflect upon the future and resolve to amend their lives in certain respects. It is better to try and fail than never to have tried at all. May every New Year resolve be kept, and may each and all of those who celebrate the festival have a Happy New Year!

THE VOTE OF 1894.

The Philadelphia Press has done a very useful thing in compiling the total vote of the United States at the Congressional elections of 1894. It is a most interesting exhibit. It is not quite complete, as the figures of the elections in Florida and Nevada could not be obtained; but their voting population is relatively small, and can not influence any deductions drawn from the Press's figures.

The total vote of the United States at the Congressional elections of 1894 was 11,263,377. This is a surprisingly large vote, as it is but 847,259 less than the total vote for President in 1892—counting Nevada and Florida in that year and omitting them this. If their total vote approximated the 1892 vote in the same ratio as the rest of the country, the falling off in 1894 was only about 802,000.

This shows the enormous popular interest taken in the 1894 campaign. The rule is, that the elections in the middle of a Presidential quadrennium show a heavy decline in the vote. Although Congressmen are to be elected, and legislatures which will have to choose one-third of the Senate, the popular interest is not excited to that degree usual in Presidential years, and a considerable proportion of the voters neglect to go to the polls. Not only does the total vote thus usually show a heavy decrease, but this decrease is shared proportionally by the two great parties. So small a falling-off is enough to make the contest of 1894 memorable in our political history.

The total Republican vote was 5,588,326, the Democratic 4,148,456, the Populist 1,246,752, and the Prohibitionist 219,843. As compared with 1892, there was an increase of 413,124 in the Republican vote, a decrease of 1,408,462 in the Democratic, an increase of 205,724 in the Populist, and a decrease of 44,290 in the Prohibitionist.

The most salient feature of this is the heavy increase of the Republican total. Allowing a proper share of the decrease, the Republican vote is a half-million greater than in 1892. This is deeply significant. The disgust of the workingmen and farmers with the incapacity of the Democratic party, and the demonstrated fallacy of its economic theories, is shown by the tremendous loss of almost a million and a half voters—about one-fourth its total vote in 1892!

Where did these voters go? A portion of them voted with the Republicans; that much is plain. But where did the remaining million go? The increase in the Populist vote is entirely to be attributed to the fact that disgusted Democrats voted that ticket. Populism lost heavily in the West, where its whilom followers went back to the Republican ranks. This loss was fully compensated for the accession of Democratic voters, and the Populist gains also came from that source. This is clear. Populism has lost its power of aggression, and is dying, as the Greenback party did, because of the fallacies it upholds.

One of the most persistent falsehoods of the Populist press is that the "gold standard" means such a restriction in the amount of money that interest rates will be forced up to the highest point possible. England has had the single gold standard since 1819; her per capita circulation is less than that of the United States; yet money is so plenty in that country that interest rates are the lowest ever known. There has been a general fall in interest rates there—so much so that people have been putting their money in the postal savings banks because they can get better interest, combined with absolute safety, than in any available investments. The total of the deposits has reached the enormous total of over $403,000,000, and an agitation has been started for a reduction of the rate of interest paid, as it is a burden to the government. These facts should be considered by people misled by Populistic moonshine.

Turkey won't allow the United States to make an investigation of the Armenian outrages. The one under the auspices of the European powers will be a job of whitewashing, while one by Uncle Sam would not.

As John Burns is condemning everything in this country, we suppose he is opposed to an American Christmas.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Editor—What was Galileo? Reporter—Wasn't he a writer on space?—Syracuse Post.

Jack—Alas! What cure is there for a broken heart? Jess—Get it broken over again.—Town Topics.

Little Girl—Does your mother talk much about woman's rights? Little Boy—No, she just has 'em without any talkin.—Good News.

Mrs. Catt, the woman suffrage reformer, says she "has decided to leave Kansas forever. Bosh! But she'll come back; they always do.—Chicago Dispatch.

Mrs. Houser—Have you any idea what 'speaking terms' means, Mr. Houser? Mr. Houser—Certainly madam. Anywhere from $50 to $200 per night, according to the prominence of the lecturer.—Buffalo Courier.

"What is the matter with Freddy Bowls?" Teddy—"He says he's got the toothache, but I don't believe him." "Why don't you?" Teddy—"'Cause he's standin' right in front of a dentist's office."—The Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Newlywed—John, love, you really must grow a beard. Mr. Newlywed—Nonsense, pet; why do you wish that? Mrs. Newlywed—So that when you carry baby nights he'll have something to grab hold of.—Harper's Bazar.

"It has been ascertained that George Washington once wrote poetry," observed the horse editor. "That is true," replied the snake editor, "but let us do him justice. There is no evidence that he ever tried to get it printed."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

She shook him once—she shook him twice.
Yet he was not forsaken;
Third asking she accepted—'twas
"Well shaken before taken."
—Judge.

She—Just think, Cousin Fritz, while coming home from the club last night, fell into the water.

He—Great heavens! I hope he didn't drown.

She—He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water.—Texas Siftings.

Husband—Will you remind me that I have to write a letter this evening?

Wife—Yes, dear. And will you remind me of something?

Husband—Of course. What is it?

Wife—Remind me that I have to remind you.—Truth.

No Change Left.

Sam (coming in hurriedly)—Say, Tom, can you change $5?

Tom—Change nothing. I'm so hard up I can't change my shirt.—Detroit Free Press.

It All Depends.

Stranger—Policeman, how often do the electric cars pass this corner?

Policeman—Well, if you are trying to take a nap, they go by every two minutes; but if you want to go somewhere you have to wait half an hour.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

The Colonel Was Grateful.

"I was surprised to see your 'History of the War,' colonel, had been 'informed that you were killed in battle?'"

"No! that was my substitute. I feel very grateful to his memory and have given him two pages."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Realistic Touch.

Miss Beauart—Why did you have the face of Venus tinted with red, Mrs. Parvenoo?

Mrs. Parvenoo—I thought no woman could help blushin' who didn't have no more clothes than she has.—Puck.

Bad for the Dey.

In Algiers when the people desire a new ruler they begin by taking a dey off.—Lowell Courier.

Better Get After the Pantatas.

Supt. Byrnes is after the living pictures in New York, and they'll have all they can do to make a bare living.—Philadelphia Record.

A Good Definition.

Minnie—"What do you understand by the term platonic affection?"

Mamie—"It usually means that the young man feels that he cannot afford to marry."—Omaha Bee.

Shaving Himself.

"Great reforms are seldom accomplished without bloodshed," was the consoling thought of the man who decided to do his own shaving.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Villain Quered.

Heroine (despairingly)—How much are you paid for thus relentlessly pursuing me?

Heavy Villain (forgetting himself)—A paltry fifteen a week and expenses, ma'am.—Boston Courier.

The Sex Growing Wiser.

tWhen lovely women stoops to folly
She stumbles prone upon the dust
But getting backward off the trolley
Car's less common now, I trust.
—New York Recorder.

The Suspicious Mugwump.

"This old fellow," said the teamster, fondly patting his horse on the neck, "has been hauling for the city for 25 years."

"Got a pull, I suppose," sneered the mugwump gentleman.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Free Fight.

Dinks—The paper says the caucus ended in a free fight. Is that correct?

Danks—Not by a blamed sight. Every man in it had to ante up with $10 and costs.—Buffalo Courier.

Unconscious Candor.

"Some women can't believe a word their husbands say," she remarked.

"Well," confided the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Evening Star.

Cause for Oblivion.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
Thus Scotland's Bobby spoke;
And we reply that he should not,
Unless he has gone broke.
—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Business.

Good Man—My son, is your father a professional man?

Small Boy—Yes'r, perfesses conversshun't every revival.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Bachelor's View.

To single blessedness inclined,
I pay my way;
When thoughts of marriage filled my mind,
I weigh my pay!
—New York Herald.

The Brazen Thing!

May—It is strange you have never learned to waltz. Have you ever tried?

Jack—Oh, yes! but I never could get past the first stage.

May—The first stage? What is that?

Jack—To put my arm around the girl's waist.

May (coyly)—I think I could teach

FACTS ABOUT THE SEA.

The Atlantic ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

The Gulf stream is 100 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep.

The sea is estimated to contain 2,250,000,000 cubic miles of water.

Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 15,000 feet.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight.

The water of the Mediterranean contains a greater portion of salt than that of the ocean.

The sea-cypress, a kind of coral, sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals on a single branch.

The water of the Dead sea yields about two pounds to the gallon of saline substances.

Nearly three-fourths of the world's drainage, directly or indirectly, pours into the Atlantic ocean.

It is estimated that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

It is estimated that two years are required for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

If the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the water of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

The Banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, earth and stones brought from the North by the icebergs.

The ocean hydras have no heart, no lungs, no liver, no brains, no nervous system, no organs save mouth and skin.

The bed of the North Atlantic consists of two valleys, separated by a mountain range that runs from the Azores to Iceland.

The whole bottom of the ocean is covered with a layer of calcerous ooze mingled with the skeletons of other animal remains of its inhabitants.

If it were not for the salts of the ocean the whole sea would soon become a mass of corruption, owing to the decay of the organic matter it contains.

The sea has no herbivorous inhabitant. Its population live on each other, and the whole of this immense expanse of water is one great slaughter house, where the strong forever prey upon the weak.

BITS OF HUMANITY.

In Malaga and other Andalusian cities negroes are crowding out white labor, it is claimed.

The average weight of an American man is 141½ pounds; of an American woman, 124½ pounds.

Recent statistics have upset the old notion that blondes are more predisposed to insanity than brunettes.

It is calculated that the men and women of to-day are nearly two inches taller than their ancestors.

An association to enable Mohammedan widows to secure second husbands has been formed in Turkey.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe, in the event of a partition, might be set down at 23½ acres.

Every unmarried man in Korea ranks as a boy, even though he be an octogenarian, and precedence goes to the young married man, who may be his own nephew.

A comrade of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., of Rockmann, Me., has made, with a knife, 50,000 toothpicks within the last three years, and sold them for the benefit of the post.

The sons of Englishmen who go out to British Columbia to learn farming are known as "remittance men," because of the style they assume so long as their remittances from home hold out.

The pigmies of Central Africa are supposed to be the remains of an ancient race which once occupied the whole of tropical Africa. They have lost their original language and history, and only remnants of their numbers remain.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Alma-Tadema is to follow in Du Maurier's footsteps with an autobiographical volume.

Judge Colt, of Boston, has decided that the late George H. Corliss, the inventor and builder of the famous Corliss engine, was a public man, and therefore declines to enjoin publishers from using his picture in biographical sketches.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ward, of New Haven, Vt., are beginning to find it rather monotonous to keep up their wedding days in the usual festive style. They have already survived seventy-seven such feasts and their digestions are becoming impaired.

There are three Philadelphians equally admirable for age and eminence—Rev. Dr. Furness, who is 92 and the oldest living graduate of Harvard; Frederick Fraley, the banker, who is 90, and John Sartain, father of mezzotint engraving in America, who is 86.

Lord Russell, of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England, is a great worker. People in England who think his success sudden have no conception of the superabundant energy which has built it up. While he was yet Charles Russell, Q. C., his wife was obliged to fit up his chambers in Lincoln's Inn with a special eye to comfort and convenience, so that the long hours he spent there might at least be alleviated by surroundings as nearly like his own home as possible.

JUNGLE TALES.

The serpent moves by elevating the scales of its abdomen and poling itself along.

The boa constrictor is simply a network of intertwisted muscles, enclosing a digestive tract.

A Frenchman with a record of 500 slaughtered tigers, has been made "tiger-slayer-in-chief" at Singapore.

A mail train on the Bengal & Narpore railway recently ran into a wild elephant, derailing five carriages.

A white panther from the Pamirs has been presented to the Jardin des Plantes by the Governor of Turkistan and Prince Gargarine.

A description of a crocodile in an old English dictionary closes in this way: "It will weep over a man's head after devouring the body, and then devour the head also."

In the neighborhood of Ruweneori, in central Africa, the lions and leopards are reported to have taken to man eating, after destroying all the cattle. Instead of roaring, as is their wont, they crouch along the trail without uttering a sound.

William August Lippert, who left Cape Town, South Africa, in 1880, without notifying his creditors, was captured in Cincinnati.

A mail pouch destined for Hartford and containing 600 letters was stolen from the depot platform at New Haven, Conn.

Ex-Captain Stephenson, of New York, the first of the police officials convicted as a result of the Lexow investigation, was sentenced to three years and nine months imprisonment and fined $1,000.

The jury in the case of Councilmen Kane and Thrifferly, of New Orleans, indicted for boodling, was unable to agree after being shut up for four days and was discharged.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Abram Van Fleet, vice chancellor of New Jersey, died from heart disease at his home in Newark.

On the ground that the act is illegal, the income tax law will again be fought in the Senate.

"Sim" Coy, for many years a picturesque figure in Indiana politics, died at his home in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Rietta Pike, arrested in Denver, Colo., charged with burglary, has made a confession of her guilt.

Recent statistics from Paris show the wonderful curative effects of anti-toxine in cases of diphtheria.

Sheriff-elect Henry Trell, of St. Louis, and his son Charles have been indicted for bribery by the grand jury.

Republicans will aid Senator Hill in his fight against the appropriation for the collection of the income tax.

To avert a tariff row with the United States, Spain is considering the granting of partial home rule to Cuba.

English holders of Central Pacific stock find upon investigation that their securities are of very little value.

At Vineland, N. J., on Dec. 23, a fast express train collided with a carriage and killed three of the occupants.

Nearly 2,000,000 feet of lumber and 20 loaded railway cars were burned at Burlington, Vt., on Christmas day.

College presidents of Indiana at a meeting in Indianapolis, decided to forbid inter-collegiate football games.

Temperance societies of Indiana are preparing to make a determined fight on the saloons before the legislature

Acting under American advice, China has decided to send a new mission to Japan to sue for terms of peace direct.

Eugene V. Debs and other members of the American Railway union, have been granted a stay of sentence until

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters.

Offer No. 1—Gold Watch, Men's Size, $15.75.

The watch and casemakers of the United States have been trying to produce at a low price a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in appearance, time-keeping qualities, durability, etc., and have succeeded beyond their highest expectations. This watch is the celebrated thin model watch—we mean by thin model, that it does not bulge in pocket out of shape, or give people the impression that you are carrying a clock movement. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring joints, thumb piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which of course will wear for generations. The works contain the Logan celebrated Breguet hair spring—a spring so simple that a child can work it, jeweled in all important parts with precious stones; compensation expansion balance safety pinion, stem winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be entirely unnecessary. The movement is made by the celebrated Elgin Watch Co., and is perfect in construction and durability. This watch is offered to "Blade" subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wants for his friends. This watch comes in Hunting case only.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size Gold Watch, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $18. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Open Face Gold Watch, $11.50.

Men's size, open face, either engraved or engine turned, gold watch, $11.50. No. 3 is a magnificent gold filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. No manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 15 years, just like solid gold. This watch is open face only, stem winder, pendant set. Price by registered mail, $11.50.

Offer No. 4—Men's Open Face Solid Nickel Silver, $5.50.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is made of a composition of silver and nickel, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. We send it to subscribers, delivery guaranteed, for $5.50. Screw case, dust proof.

Offer No. 5—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case; Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $20 watch. The movement we have contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made, that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb piece, joint pins, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This watch is the favorite of railroad men, engineers, city and county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it can not be excelled, both as to convenient shape and form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy. It is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers, for $22.00.

Offer No. 26—Men's Size—Open Face Silver, $6.50.

This is a seven jewel Waltham or Elgin, open face only, stiffened silver case. In other words in order to give strength sufficient to make the case durable without making the metal thick and heavy, the silver is strengthened by a nickel plate, introduced in such a manner as to be entirely hidden, and were it not explained, the purchaser would not be able to tell it from a heavy, solid coin silver case. This watch does not come in Hunting case—open face only—with a heavy beveled plate glass crystal, strong and durable. The dial is of white porcelain, either Roman or Arabic characters. In order to prevent the possibility of the hands catching, the dial is sunk, and the second hand is mounted is sunk below the level of the surrounding face. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $6.50.

Offer No. 27—Men's Size—Coin Silver, $10.00.

This is a solid, coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch, open face or Hunting. This is the newest silver case in the market, being the same model as our "Blade Special Watch No. 5." Heretofore this model case was only made in solid gold and high priced gold filled watch cases, and it has taken so well that the manufacturer has placed the coin silver watch on the market. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all latest improvements. We will deliver this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

"Crescent Street" Waltham Watch, Men's size—Pride of the Waltham Factory.

The best full-size Waltham watch is called "CRESCENT STREET." This watch is made from the very finest materials, each part being selected by expert workmen. Every wheel is perfect, every jewel is a precious stone, every pinion is polished to the highest degree. In fact, this watch is as the Waltham Company guarantees, "perfect in construction and finish." The Company also says in its catalogue that this is "the finest full plate movement in the world." The full plate is a recent improvement in watch making. It is a metal cap, covering all the mechanism, excepting the balance, thus saving many bills for cleaning. These celebrated works are full jeweled with red ruby jewels in solid gold settings. They contain the expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, patent Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator and double sunk dial, made expressly for this watch. The dial is genuine.

No. 102—Crescent Street, gold filled, 20 year, hunting or open face case.....$37 00
No. 103—Crescent Street, gold filled, 15 year, hunting or open face case..... 33 25
No. 104—Crescent Street, 2 oz. coin silver, hunting or open face case..... 27 85
No. 105—Crescent Street, solid nickel silver, open face, dust proof case..... 25 00

"Appleton, Tracy & Co.," Waltham—Men's Size.

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO." is one of the celebrated watches of the world. The works are full jeweled with 15 extra fine red ruby jewels in solid gold settings, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting, Breguet hair spring, special adjustment to temperature, ochronism and position, and all the very latest improvements. This watch took the first prize at the World's Exposition in Paris, against all competitors, both American and Foreign. We will deliver this watch to any address in the United States, works as above, in—

No. 106—Solid 14 kt. gold, 40 dwt., hunting case, only.....$40 00
No. 107—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. hunting case 23 50
No. 108—14 kt. gold filled, 20 yr. open face.... 22 50
No. 109—2 oz. solid coin silver, hunting or open face..... 17 50
No. 110—Stiffened silver, open face, only.... 15 50
No. 111—Solid nickel silver case, open face.. 12 75

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 15—Solid Gold, $22.00.

The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14 kt. United States assay, handsomely engraved. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $22.00.

Offer No. 16—Gold Filled, $13.50—Waltham or Elgin.

Is a lady's gold filled engraved watch, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear fifteen years The works contain seven jewels, exposed pallets safety pinion, and all improvements. Price, delivery guaranteed, $13.50.

Offer No. 17—Solid Gold, Waltham or Elgin, $16.00.

Is a lady's solid gold hunting or open face case, very delicately engraved, contains a Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels. A perfect time keeper. Postpaid, $16.00.

Offer No. 18—Gold Filled, Ladies' "Skylight" Watch, $12.00.

Is a 14 kt. gold filled engraved "Skylight" Waltham or Elgin, guaranteed to wear twenty years.

The case is made by placing two heavy sheets of 14 kt. gold, reinforced between with a thin sheet of stiff composition, which makes a perfect case for protecting the works. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece, hinges, and every part subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, while the gold is brought down over the edges of the composition metal and joined in such a way that even an expert is obliged to cut the case to find that it is not solid gold. We will deliver this watch for $12.00. Open face only.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for on year. Address,

"THE BLADE," Toledo, O.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 85
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 00
1 dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 10 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chamber's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent postpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The Christine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 70
Tablespoons	4 00	7 50
Table Forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 50
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$2 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	3 00
Fish forks, "	2 25
Oyster ladles, "	3 00
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	3 plate.	4 plate.
Sugar bowl	$1 75	$2 25
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle caster	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	3 25

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

Prices Reduced—Better Grades and New Styles.

Some months ago we discontinued the sale of mackintoshes, but have now made a new arrangement whereby we are enabled to supply better goods, at about a third less than our prices last spring. We offer both single-texture and double-texture goods, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but substantially sewed. We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office.

In Men's goods we offer three grades, breast measurement ranging from 36 to 46 inches, each coat 53 inches long, of double-texture goods, handsome plaid lining. In ordering, care must be taken to send full correct breast measurement, as changes can not be made. Here are the styles and prices:

Men's Waterproofs, With Caps. Men's Waterproof.

Men's dark blue (F 27) or black (F 23), sewed and seamed, double-texture, full length, at any express office in the U. S., prepaid.....$5.00
(Our former price, $8.85.)
Men's plain Henrietta, double-texture, sewed and seamed, black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S.....$7.00
(Former price, $9.85.)
Men's double-texture gray wool (28), storm coat and general overcoat, delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S.....$7.00
(This is a new offer, and a coat that once retailed at $18 to $20.)

Ladies' Waterproofs, With Capes.

Women's single-texture diagonal black (F 23), or blue (F 27), delivered prepaid to any express office in U. S.....$4.50
(Former price, $5.95.)
Women's double-texture Inverness, plain black (22) or blue (23), delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S.....$7.00
(This is a new offer and magnificent goods.)
The same, (22) or (23), with triple capes, detachable, collar on capes, delivered prepaid at any express office in U. S.....$8.00
(This last triple-cape garment is a new style and a new thing in waterproof garments.)

All remittances must be sent to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

"EVERY YEAR."

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You can win no more affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Too true!—Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, old haunts, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nearer,
Every year;
And its Morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year. —Albert Pike.

The Need of Keeping at It.

Once in a while the one-time advertisement on a special occasion will bring good results, but one time in a hundred, unless the advertiser has been fairly well advertised in the community before.

If the pier of a bridge is to be built in the middle of a river, the builders commence by sinking stones for the foundation. If they dropped the first stone and quit because they could not see it the pier would never be built. If they dropped a dozen stones, one on top of the other, and quit before the pier was big enough to stick out of the water they would lose their time and stones. But if they go on, put in a good solid foundation and build up from that, they will in time raise a pier that will be strong and permanent and that will hold up a useful and necessary bridge.

It is just so with advertising. The first "ads" you drop in only serve as a foundation—they do not serve as anything if you do not drop in enough of them— but if you keep on piling one on top of the other, in the end you will have a pier which will sustain the bridge of business all the rest of your life.

The water of competition will wear away some of the stones and they will have to be replaced, but once the pier is built the repairs will not be very expensive. Advertise regularly, persistently, with full attention to the peculiar character of your business.—West Chester (Pa.) Republican.

True to Himself.

"Climate agrees with you, I trust?" ventured the affable proprietor of the health resort.

"I guess it does," admitted the gouty old gentleman, "but I'll be hanged if you are going to get me to agree with the climate."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Accidental Beauty.

The Impressionist Critic (viewing the picture)—Oh, what a lovely effect that is in the center of the canvas!

The Painter (not an Impressionist)—Horrors! That's where Fido must have rubbed himself after lying down on my palette.—Chicago Record.

After Him.

"You are no longer troubled with rheumatism, are you?"

"No; something worse."

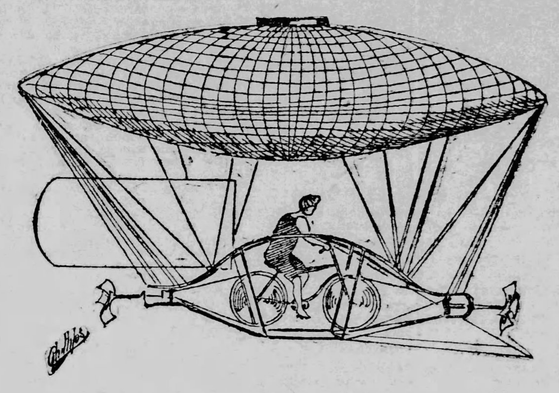
"What's that?"

"I'm troubled with a doctor."—Puck.

OSCAR F. LEWIS'S AIR SHIP.

It is a Bicycle and a Balloon Combined—Thinks He Can Fly in It.

Oscar F. Lewis, of Saratoga, is going to swoop down on Brooklyn one of these bright days with a brand-new air ship on which he thinks he can fly along at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, according to the New York Sun. Mr. Lewis will go to Brooklyn by rail, and if he has luck he will fly away from it. He says he has tested his new machine enough to prove its merits. He has flitted around Saratoga in it on calm days.



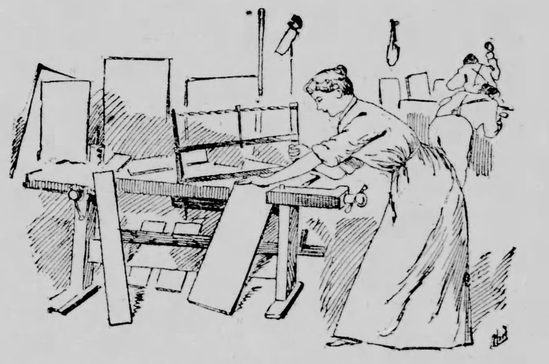
THE BICYCLE BALLOON.

Mr. Lewis is a market gardener and something of an amateur machinist. He is a strongly built young man, with muscles sufficiently developed to push an air ship along if it has any go in it. Several years ago he became interested in the subject of air ships and flying machines. He made several models that were unsatisfactory. He finally hit on his present model, and constructed an air ship rather than a flying machine. It is to be made to rise by means of a silk balloon of the shape shown in the illustration, and designed to hold 3,000 cubic feet of gas. The balloon is about fifty feet long. Suspended from it is an aluminum frame in which is set a bicycle. The wheels of the machine are worked by pedals, and are connected by belts with two propellers, one in front and the other behind. The steering apparatus consists of a sail stretched on a frame fifteen feet long and four feet wide. It is moved by the handle bar of the bicycle, and may be turned to an angle of forty-five degrees. Mr. Lewis claims that he can turn his machine around in a space of 100 square feet. There is a regulator on the balloon by which he can grade his elevation. Judging from the size of the balloon the machine ought to go up in the air after the gas is once in it. Mr. Lewis says that on a calm day he can drive it ahead at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, which remains to be seen.

WOMEN CABINET-MAKERS.

Reasons Why the Fair Sex Should Be Fitted for the Occupation.

The modern woman is nothing if not aggressively progressive, never, of course, after the manner of man's unpleasant ways, but after a woman's delightful self-assertiveness. Ever wide-awake, the modern woman must not be understood to only embrace such of the gentler sex as have evinced a taste for professional pursuits. The progressive spirit of womankind is finding new outlets for activities every day. The reader may be surprised to learn that it is not an uncommon thing now to find a full fledged "journey-woman carpenter." This is a direct result of the beneficial influences that the manual training schools are beginning to have on the numerous female students. There is no reason why a woman should not be able to handle saw and chisel with equal facility to that of a man. Here is also a prediction that can safely be made, that if women exercise their talents in this direction—that of cabinet and furniture making—we shall very soon have far more artistic furniture than we have now. Of course that would necessitate a knowledge of the art of designing, which certainly is within the scope of any clever woman. Who is it that really does the most of the selection of the furniture in the house? Woman! And she is consequently naturally adapted to design, and if need be to make anything that man is capable of making.—Chicago Herald.



THE WOMAN CARPENTER.

THE LONG SUEDE MOUSQUETAIRE.

It Comes in Fifteen and Twenty Button Lengths.

The correct glove for the opera and occasions when evening dress is required is the long suede mousquetaire in fifteen and twenty button lengths, depending of course, upon the sleeve. The leading tints this season are butter, delicate pink, pale blue and white.

THE LATEST GLOVE.

The glove made lately for the Empress of Russia were all perfectly plain, devoid of embroidery or ornamentation of any kind, which naturally tends to make the hand look much larger.

Women of fashion are adopting the style set by Her Imperial Majesty, and are wearing only the plainest of gloves. Among the latest novelties in these is the "shoulder glove," which is made to order. This, as its name implies, reaches the shoulder, and measures, from there to the ends of the fingers, from 30 to 40 inches, says the New York Journal.

IN THE GROUND.

A 26 mile ditch, 20 feet wide and 8 feet deep, drains Tow Head Lake and the adjacent swamps in Calhoun county, Iowa.

In Burwell, Neb., there is a moaning well which takes alternate spells of sucking in and expelling mineral air.

Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther, is sinking into the moor upon which it is built. Measures have been taken in recent years to drain the bog, without avail.

The great Panama ditch, with its crumbling wharves, acres of machinery and thousands of dump carts and locomotives, is said to be a picture of ruin. On the Isthmus are nearly one thousand miles of steel track.

The great Yuma desert of Arizona was formerly a salt sea. Sea shells and oysters 14 inches in diameter have frequently been found at from ten to two feet in the sand in various parts of that desert.

A natural bridge of limestone rock, with an arch of 250 feet, spans Pine Creek, in Gill county, Arizona, 200 feet above the water.

An Explanation.

Kitty—Good gracious, how did Fannie ever come to take such a man as that?

John—I understand she met him first at a dry-goods emporium on bargain day.

Kitty—What difference does that make?

John—Oh, a woman will take anything then.—Detroit Free Press.

A Man in a Million.

Kicksey—I am going to give my grocer a blowing up.

Nicksey—What for?

Kicksey—He's been selling me sanded sugar for years, and now I find the stuff he sends me for coffee is more than half roasted dirt. I'm no hog, I don't want the whole earth.—Philadelphia Record.

RINGS AS MARKS OF CHARACTER.

To the Skilled Eye a Woman Is Revealed by Her Ring Tray.

Almost everything a woman does or says or wears is magnified by some one into an indication of character. She wears a certain style of shoe or wears it in a certain way, and some one discovers that she is vain and a spendthrift, says the New York World. She wears her gloves out in the thumb, and some one else discovers that she is cruel or something else. She has a fondness for laces and she is dubbed old fashioned; she indulges in studs and is called masculine. The poor thing can wear nothing without some one considering her doing so portentous. Her rings are no exceptions to the rule. The professional finder of character in trifles can give almost a Sherlock Holmes resume of a woman's disposition and history from a sight of her jewel tray.

Is she very fond of solitaires? She is newly rich and anxious to display her wealth, proclaims the character reader. Is she fond of the ordinary, fashionable settings? She is commonplace. A woman who, with money enough to buy a marquise ring of sapphires and diamonds, has not enough originality to buy something else, is distinctly commonplace according to the interpreter of rings.

Does she wear tall settings on a pudgy little finger, making it look pudgier than ever? She is inartistic. Does she wear white pearls, and crystal clear diamonds on a hand that is not as white as milk? She is worse than inartistic. Does she wear oblong bands of stones instead of the heretical ones. She begins to show gleams of originality and good taste. Does she have her stones sunk into quaint silver settings or old-fashioned chased gold ones? There is hope for her in an artistic sense. Does she wear opals? She is venturesome. Who but a daring woman would defy superstition? Is she particularly attached to deep red gems—rubies, carbuncles, garnets? She is of a forceful nature, says the character reader. Red is the color beloved of people of passionate dispositions? Is she fond of sapphires! She is earnest, truthful, constant, intellectual.

Does she wear but one ring, eschewing all others? She is sentimental. Does she wear a great many? She is vulgar, or at best frivolous? Does she wear none at all? She is poor!

So whatever she may do, the poor thing is harshly interpreted. She might as well, therefore, keep on doing what she pleases.

Still Keeping It Up.

Meekly the Kansas politicians awaited the word of the female Demosthenes.

"Will you support your husband?" they asked; "can we count upon you?"

"Yes," she snapped, as the color came to her sallow cheeks; "haven't I always done it?"

And then the oldest among them remembered that she had taken in washing before she became a Populist lecturer.—Puck.

Talmage's Sermon.

SUBJECT OF TALMAGE'S WEEKLY DISCOURSE ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Great Brooklyn Divine Gives a Vivid Description of Some of the Great Places Among the Hindoos.

Brooklyn, Dec. 31.—Continuing his series of 'Round-the-World sermons, through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage yesterday chose for his subject, "Palaces in India," the text being: Amos iii. 10, "Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."

In this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifty sermon in the "'Round-the-World" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind, and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble-down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archaeologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere Gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front seat are my father and mother. The young lady in the back seat holding in her arms a baby was myself. My mother, who is down with fever in the next room, painted that two years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected the native that had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent illness. But we suspected poison, and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse, until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage hallos, and the shouts and revenge, made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. Later he said:

"Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India."

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler, one hundred and seventy years ago, moved out himself, and all his people moved with him. You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jeypore, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steps to Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey, and the voices of business and gaiety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered the last syllable. You pass by a lake covering five hundred acres, where the rajahs used to sail their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon the palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchical abode may have had attractions when it was bursting with royalty, which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years, and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread, may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious-stoned into wider halls precious-stoned.

Why fire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill in India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bathrooms that refresh before your feet touch the marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that, while you cannot hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scenes and triumphal processions and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster and lacquer-work and mother-of-pearl; all that architecture and sculpture and painting and horticulture can do when they put their genius together, was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archaeologist and sight-seer.

But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of the earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs and no people! The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India!

The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is as flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible; its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

THE NEW YORK POLICE.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any pull?
Yes, sir. Yes, sir;
When my purse is full.

Sing a song of blackmail,
Houses in a row,
Every month a wardman
Comes around for "dough."
When it is divided
The "cops" would gayly sing?
"Wasn't Dr. Parkhurst mean
To spoil their real good thing?"
New York Advertiser.

What It Was.

Mr. Fondlove—What's the matter? You and the dressmaker looked as though you were talking about something very close to your heart when I came in.

Mrs. Fondlove—We were, dear. We were talking about my waist.—Westchester Critic.

A Husband Diplomatic.

Mrs. Youngwife—"I made this cake right out of my own head, John, without any recipe."

Mr. Y. (with Spartan cheerfulness)—"Ah! Indeed, then we are going to have a feast of reason and a flow of soul!"

It Frequently Happens.

The end of argument is the beginning of noise.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

To-night you die!
Who grieve to see you low?
Sorrow you've brought, I trow,
Dark year, good-bye!

Old year, prepare!
Have you a moment thought,
How dear the days you brought?
And do you care?

Would you, to-night,
Could you your youth renew,
All your dark deeds undo!
Make all things right?

Can you atone?
Take then the gift you gave
Into your yawning grave,
Vast the unknown.

Why do I say?
Old year, forgive this cry;
Storm-tossed and weak am I,
Spent in life's fray.

But well I know,
That in your faithful heart,
You held God's plans; no part
Had else, and so,

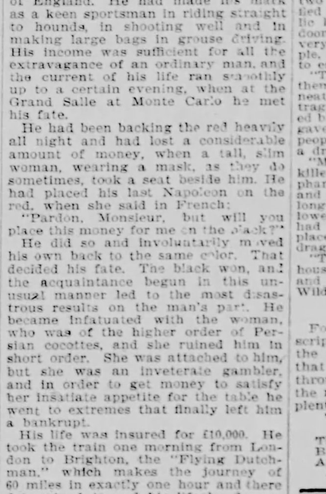
Though dark or bright,
Might be your days, you still
Wrought but the Master's will,
All, all is right.

And now, you die!
You must be glad to rest,
Knowing your work is blest,—
Old year, good-bye!
—Lizzie A. McAleese.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S PORTRAIT.

She Has Become Round-Faced, Plump and Matronly.

The new portrait of Mrs. Cleveland shows that lady to have become a matron of plump proportions. Her pretty coloring remains, but her face is losing



THE MRS. CLEVELAND OF TO-DAY.

its girlish contour has lost much of its charm. But the expression is gentle and kind as ever.

Mrs. Cleveland is much absorbed in caring for her two little girls, who are healthy and merry youngsters. Both of them are said to look like her. The portrait of the mother herself, newly presented is from a copyright photograph by Bell, of Washington.

HERMIT OF SAUSALITO.

Strange Story of a Chance Acquaintance at Monte Carlo.

On the east side of the Sausalito shore, nearly opposite the white buildings that mark the codfishery station on the island of Belvidere, is a cabin inhabited by a man with a history. This individual, a tall, gaunt person, with a long gray beard, is seen at low tide with shovel and bucket digging clams. When the fishermen haul their nets in this hermit is on the shore collecting the refuse fish, and all those small, insignificant things which the Italians reject he puts into his basket. He is seldom seen at the shops of the grocers or the butchers, but about once a month or so George Smith, the expressman, dumps a hamper on the shale, which the hermit conveys to his cottage, and which it is supposed contains groceries.

In 1843 this hermit of the Sausalito shore had not only a commission in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, but was one of the best-known men and most influential land-owners in the West of England. He had made his mark as a keen sportsman in riding straight to hounds, in shooting well and in making large bags in grouse driving. His income was sufficient for all the extravagance of an ordinary man, and the current of his life ran smoothly up to a certain evening, when at the Grand Salle at Monte Carlo he met his fate.

He had been backing the red heavily all night and had lost a considerable amount of money, when a tall, slim woman, wearing a mask, as they do sometimes, took a seat beside him. He had placed his last Napoleon on the red, when she said in French:

"Pardon, Monsieur, but will you place this money for me on the black?"

He did so and involuntarily moved his own back to the same color. That decided his fate. The black won, and the acquaintance began in this unusual manner led to the most disastrous results on the man's part. He became infatuated with the woman, who was of the higher order of Persian cocottes, and she ruined him in short order. She was attached to him, but she was an inveterate gambler, and in order to get money to satisfy her insatiate appetite for the table he went to extremes that finally left him a bankrupt.

His life was insured for £10,000. He took the train one morning from London to Brighton, the "Flying Dutchman," which makes the journey of 60 miles in exactly one hour and there determined to end his life by drowning. But before he left the inn where he had placed his things he thought he would gamble with Fate. He took two suits of clothes with him and concealing one in his grip some distance across the sands threw the other on the shore and jumped into the surf. The discarded suit was afterward found, but the good swimmer, after a long mental struggle about a mile from shore, decided to come back, put on the other suit, and begin the battle of life again. He landed in America. His people, in the meantime, had put in their claim and landed their insurance money. But his career was not successful. He has been collecting of late Indian curios, and hopes to establish a cabinet at the Stanford University. Until then he is living a most economical life, and if the Alma Mater is not ungenerous, he may yet walk the shady promenades and endow the college. Meanwhile he dwells in seclusion, a mystery to all who know him.

YET, AM I OLD.

I never know that I was old—
Like truth in dreams that truth yet seemed—
Until the honest "photo" told
Me I was old!
As children turn from ghastly dark,
As our hearts chill at barbarous tales,
We will not look, we will not hark,
One age to meet and greet.
We know our hope has broken wing,
We know we shall not miss the world;
But all is nothing to the sting
The old lines bring!
Yet, after all we once we bow
Submissive to the iron fact.
We find that life can, even now,
Enthrall somehow!
Even that are kind o'erlook the gray
That shimmers on our whitening head;
Kisses from lips we love delay
Joys but a day!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Do the Next Thing.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study; whatever it is, take hold of it at once and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop in between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day. It is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand and you will fall in line and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

A Drug on the Market.

We doubt if there ever was a time when so many once more or less promising Presidential booms were on the market for sale cheap, because of general dilapidation and because their owners have no use for them. There are the Gresham, Carlisle, Hill, Whitney, Wilson, Gorman, Stevenson booms, to say nothing of several lesser ones. A buyer may have his choice and for small money at that.—Boston Record.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S DICTIONARY.

Blush—Red color in the face, caused by shame or confusion, prevalent among women of ancient times.

Candor—A noun of two meanings. For ourselves frankness, for our neighbors impudence.

Drawer—A sliding box in a table; usually too full to slide.

Empty—A husband's wardrobe after the missionary box has gone.

Friend—An acquaintance less prepossessing than ourselves.

Graduate (sweet girl)—The only person who knows exactly how the country should be managed.

Handwriting—Written characters. One of the lost arts.

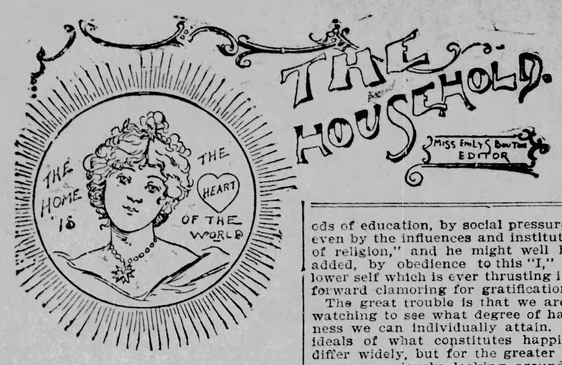
I—The most satisfactory of the personal pronouns.

Joke—A speech or action said by men to contain wit.

Key—An apparatus which would open the outside lock of our house door if it were not inside on the bureau.

Love—A feeling for a rich man.

Martyr—One who suffers for a cause. A man at an afternoon tea



VOICES AND VISIONS.

A Prelude to a Book of Verse.
In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.

Titani and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.

From every flower that broke in flame,
Some half-articulate whisper came.

In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.

Later, amid the city's din
And toil and wealth and want and sin,

They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.

As in the silence-haunted glen,
So, mid the crowded ways of men

Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers beside my bed.

Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aerial company.

Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.

More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Christmas number (December) of Scribner's Magazine.

HOME TALKS.

THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR MONOPOLIZES ATTENTION.

Ideals of What Constitutes Happiness—Temporizing Between Right and Wrong.

The ever present I!

Of course it is necessary to use the personal pronoun, first person, singular number, many times during the day, but it is astonishing how many more times we employ it than we need to do, if our minds were less occupied with self. It is "how will that affect me?" or, "Will this add to my comfort and pleasure?" "Will that forward my interests?" These and such as these are the questions which form the basis, consciously and unconsciously, of a large part of the thought and action of most human beings. The "I" crops out in every direction, and it is the guilty creature which so often transforms life that should be beautiful into misery. And sometimes this "I" manifests itself in such a subtle way that it wears the guise to ourselves of generosity. The very things for whioh we are credited with the highest motives often have their root in a care for self. Here is a case in point.

On the street car the other day every seat was filled, mostly by people who had been doing their Christmas shopping. Naturally they were weary, and one, a young lady, exhibited signs of great fatigue. Presently a poorly dressed woman with a child three or four years old got in, and seizing the strap strove to maintain a perpendicular and to keep the little one erect, too, but it was hard work. Then the young lady arose saying, "Take my seat, and you can hold your little girl in your lap. I do not mind standing." Her offer was accepted thankfully, and I have no doubt the pale young woman's self-sacrifice was the admiration of all those who noticed the act. So it would have been of mine had I not overheard her say to her companion, "That woman next me had been eating onions, and such a breath! I was more than glad to get up!" Doubtless the poor woman was glad to have the seat, decayed-onion odor and all, but the whispered words swept the sentiment out of the act itself. I only tell this little story to illustrate my meaning in saying that the omnipresent "I" is often at the root of what seems most generous and self-denying.

Not that we need be watching other people to see whether their outwardly good actions proceed from the highest motives or not. It is our own motives that need the watching; it is ourselves who are perpetually worshipping the "I" which is ever ready to assert itself in every circumstance of life.

And that reminds me of another thing. It is because of this devotion to self that circumstances so often make us their slaves. In truth, it is we who should always be the masters of circumstances, and so we could be if we had less fear of consequences to ourselves. The conscious doing of right for right's sake gives the strength to grapple with whatever seems to arise to perplex, to pain, to overcome us. It is the shutting out the "I" from the view when we are striving to know which of two courses is best. Expediency is only another name for selfishness, and it never yet accomplished a permanent good. "It is not expedient" is an easy way to settle a matter so as to put off an evil day, and it is a very common one. We lose our grip upon the happenings of our lives just in proportion to the importance of the matters thus decided. If you do not believe this to be true, look back over your past and if you are honest with yourself, you will see that whenever you temporized with what you knew to be right, trying to deceive yourself into the belief that it was wise to let expedience govern, the result was to lessen your moral strength, and to bring greater pain and suffering. It was Marcus Aurelius who said: "A man should 'be' upright; not be 'kept' upright," and it is not possible to "be" upright without forming the habit of adhering to what we believe to be really right, fearless of consequences. It is this fearlessness that gives us the mastery over circumstances and enables us often to bring victory out of seeming defeat.

There is an old proverb, and a very familiar one, which has done a great deal of harm because of its wrong application. It is that which says "self-preservation is the first law of nature." In obedience to it, we strive to take the best of care of our bodies at any cost, never realizing that self-preservation includes as well the care of our minds and hearts, that they be not degraded by "unwholesome principles and disorderly emotions." The law of self-preservation," says Dr. Ames, "requires that each individual should save himself from being deformed, mutilated, or pressed out of his proper shape, either by submission to false authority, by artificial methods of education, by social pressure, or even by the influences and institutions of religion," and he might well have added, by obedience to this "I," this lower self which is ever thrusting itself forward clamoring for gratification.

The great trouble is that we are all watching to see what degree of happiness we can individually attain. Our ideals of what constitutes happiness differ widely, but for the greater part we are anxiously looking around us to gain what will gratify our tastes, our desires, our passions; what will make us morg comfortable to-day and to-morrow, next week and next year. How can we escape this pain, put away this suffering, so that we may be happier? That is the burden of our thought, the aim of our action.

Yet, after all, what really does it matter? Carlyle writes: "Happy my brother? First of all what difference is it whether thou art happy or not? To-day becomes yesterday so fast; all to-morrows become yesterdays; and there is no question whatever of the happiness, but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left, at least for thyself, thy very pains, gone over into yesterday, have become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness, what indispensibly sanatary virtue is in them. Thou shalt only know it after many days."

But the "sanatary" pains and sorrows would diminish fast if the ever-present, selfish "I" could be kept in its proper place. If it were not always capitalized in all of the ordinary transactions of life; if it did not enter so largely in every calculation made for the future; if it could be compelled, like the stars upon a half cloudy night, to go into a partial obscuration sometimes, the world would be a better and a happier place to live in. It is not that happiness is not desirable, but the fault is in our conception of it. In reality "happiness, like health, is the normal state; and when this is not felt, the cause should be looked for; just as in illness the causes should be scrutinized and removed." In nine cases out of ten, when looked for, they will be found to lie within ourselves, in our own weakness, our own lack of courage, our own fears, our own selfishness. "While we sit brooding over our troubles and the hardships of our lot," says Dr. Ames in his beautiful little book As Natural as Life, "the great world goes tranquilly on, the infinite sky hangs over us, the everlasting order abides, and 'God is where he was.' Can we not forget or endure our pestering 'insect miseries' for a little while in the presence of the eternal laws and eternal powers? If we keep our souls in patience, if we hold fast to our faith and hope and love, the soft streams of healing power will flow into us and through us. We shall receive and give out the infinite good. We shall share and promote the endless circulations of benefit."

The old year with its joys, its sorrows, its pain, its pleasures, is fast dying into the eternal past. The New Year comes apace. What of growth into the higher life does it hold for us, my friends? Shall we keep our souls in patience, holding fast to faith and hope and love through its to-days that will so quickly pass into yesterdays?
EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

What It Means to Live Pleasantly One With Another.

It seems an easy thing to do—this living pleasantly together, but in reality it is one of the hardest, as no doubt many of the Household have found. Doubtless many of those who have had friction come into their daily living have thought it was some exceptional thing, due, possibly to unfortunate environments, or the unfortunate disposition of the other individual. In truth, it is the little, every day pin pricks and annoyances that are most trying, far more than the great things. Lillian Whiting says in the Boston Budget concerning this some very good things. She says:

"In one of the very interesting lectures on Buddhism, which Prof. Rhys Davids is giving before the Lowell institute, the lecturer read some passages from Buddha, among which was this:

"'To live pleasantly one with another—this is the true blessedness.'

"To live pleasantly one with another—this may seem the simplest of minor virtues; but it is more than an open question if, in its full relatedness, it does not tax every gift and grace, and demand every conceivable force that one may pray for and receive. It is comparatively easy to render the greater services of life to one another. The very importance of one's contribution is its own strength. Its significance is sustaining. To care for the sick, to tenderly console those who mourn the dead, to carry food and clothing, on love and sympathy to obvious needs or griefs, are forms of service which are largely their own exceeding great reward. It is always easier to do than to bear.

"To live pleasantly with one another, even among the people essentially high minded, who endeavor to follow right aims and hold themselves always amenable to good standards, is yet an undertaking that in the end will tax the utmost powers of any human being. To never grow cold or hard or cynical in the midst of misunderstanding and of unresponsiveness; not to allow petty exasperations and disappointments to chill one's ardor and paralyze his effort; not to let indifference and ingratitude hurt or hinder one in the upward striving—this is all involved in the living pleasantly one with another, and thus finding the true blessedness."

FANCY WORKERS, ATTENTION!

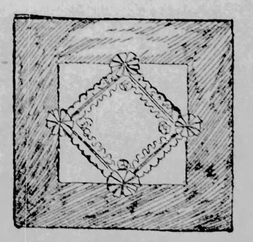
A Number of Dainty Trifles for a Young Girl's Room.

Dresser Scarf.

A very unique and dainty dresser scarf is made of three silk handkerchiefs, sewed together at the points. An edging of fine lace adds to its beauty.

Pin Cushion.

For a pin cushion, make a square cushion, or buy one for twenty-five cents at the shops. Cover with pale yellow, china silk; place cornerwise



across the cushion a white chiffon handkerchief. Underneath the scallops, sew a frill of sheer lace, and finish by adding rosettes of yellow baby ribbon at the four corners.

Linen Bureau Trays.

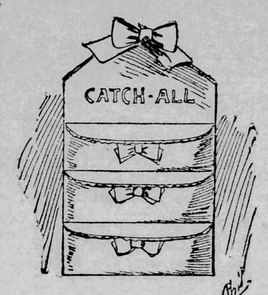
Linen trays are not the latest fad in the fancy line, but they are extremely useful, and when made properly, very ornamental to the bureau. Butcher's linen is largely used in making these useful articles; it washes well and never seems to wear out.

For a brush and comb tray cut two pieces of butcher's linen 14 inches long and 8 inches wide, with a square piece out out of each corner, deep enough to form a rim about two inches high after tied together. Embroider upon the inside piece, some conventional design in wash silk, and bind the edges with narrow ribbon. Wash and starch very stiff, iron smooth as possible and tie the corners together with ribbon of the shade chosen for the embroidered designs.

For a ring or pin tray cut two triangular pieces of linen, embroider on the inside forget-me-nots or other small flowers and join the corners with pretty little loops of baby ribbon. —Primrose.

Wall Pocket.

Have a wall pocket near the toilet stand made of a piece of card board, 22 inches long, and 7 inches wide. Make it pointed at the top, and cover



either with linen, silk, or silkolene. Make three pockets of the same material with which the foundation is covered; make a heading and draw in elastic bands. Attach to the card board by some fancy stitch, with silk thread to harmonize with the material used, and add to the top a pretty bow of satin ribbon as a finish.

Decorated Photograph.

Instead of putting your friend's photograph in a frame, trim in with pea green satin ribbon, one and a half inches wide, making a nice bow for the bottom of the card, and two ends

six inches in length with a bow at the top from which to suspend it, attaching the ribbon to the back of card with mucilage.

WE ARE NEARING THE END.

But Few Letters Remaining Upon an Interesting Question.

Here is One Who is Not.

I do not think that woman will be benefited by taking up man's burdens. —Marguerite A. Fee.

I believe a woman is less womanly when she goes into politics and strikes, and thinks less of home; for no woman can serve two masters.—Mrs. Margaret Baschen.

I cannot understand how this Christian nation can teach anything else, except that woman must progress.—Sarah Andrews.

The nineteenth century mother must be progressive and keep in touch with the great and living questions of the day.—Mrs. M. T. Baird.

I hold that it is a woman's solemn duty to read, and think, and learn, all she can of all that is passing around her, keeping herself in touch with the world she lives in.—Mehitabel.

There is no question in my mind but her efficiency in everything she undertakes will thereby be increased.—F. C. Farnsworth.

The lives and work of noble women who exercise this privilege, show that they are the most tender and patient of wives and mothers, and have a higher appreciation of their responsibilities at home.—Mrs. Adella A. Scott.

I have raised five children, and I know my best influence has been by doing outside duties in church, school, and among neighbors, and keeping up in social and literary work so they can be proud of mother, instead of thinking of me only as the home drudge.—Mrs. Celestia Barker.

She yearns for knowledge on all subjects in order that she may wisely guide her household, and be the more contented and useful to those she loves.—Mrs. M. A. Corley.

Her influence for good is greatly enhanced because of her interest in the various reforms, known as the questions of the day.—Mrs. Ellen H. Lutz.

The work of elevating the human intellect, belongs mainly to the women, but to the mothers far more than to the teachers.—H. T. Mentz.

I have seen in homes where the women were interested in questions of the day some slack homekeeping; but have seen just as poor housekeeping done by a woman who had not an idea in her head.—Olive C. Hoyt.

A true womanly woman will never be made less true by any such knowledge, but she will increase her ability as an interesting companion, comrade and helpmeet to her husband.—Lu H. Wagner.

Let our women become familiar with the affairs of our nation, that they may be able to inculcate its principles of truth and loyalty into the ready minds of their children, and explain the foundation upon which our government rests.—Mrs. C. A. Reynolds.

I wish to say emphatically that women, especially mothers, neglect a duty to their families, particularly if they have boys, if they fail to post themselves upon all important public questions.—Mrs. Fannie M. Miller.

Knowledge is the fundamental basis from which all intelligent action proceeds.—Mrs. J. W. Rinker.

We need not look for a grand and true reform to come along this line unless the women are thoroughly acquainted with the reforms needed.—Mrs. R. J. Elderkin.

Imagine George Washington's mother like Dora Copperfield.—Minnie Fuller.

The woman who makes home what it should be finds herself involved in duties far different from housework. She must be a companion for her husband, must interest herself with things that interest him, make herself worthy of his confidence and appreciation. She must instruct her children, boys who will soon take their father's place in the world, now look to mother for instruction in the ways of life.—Grace Robertson.

In the happiest and best regulated homes, the wife and mother has interest in all questions of the day, and is able to discuss them intelligently with her family.—Turner's Falls.

I have read the letters from the ladies on the all-absorbing subject of woman's higher education, and have profited (I hope) much by so doing, beside enjoying them immensely. I would like to ask one question, however, and that is, when did "Fred Freeman's" mother find time to eat her meals, if , as he says, "she read to the family all of the news while they were at their meals?" It seems to me it must have been a little hard for her, and I hope her family appreciated her self-denial.—Frances Howard.

Go on, woman, conquering and to conquer; gain all the knowledge that belongs to man , and help lift the great scourge of immorality that seems to be grinding down the masses to-day.—Arthur Young.

And with this advice, we close the series of letters written upon the question of woman's efficiency, as affected by a better knowledge of the topics of the day. It has been a very difficult task for the editor to select from so much that was good in the letters, a sentence that could be used in the limited space allowed us. She has endeavored to give as much variety as possible, and it seems as if every phase of the subject has been considered. The ladies of The Blade Household have certainly shown themselves to be among the best thinkers on this subject, and their ideas as expressed in their letters cannot fail to be of great assistance to those who have read them from week to week. The editor of the Household thanks you all, ladies, for your interest in the subject, and for expressing it so ably, and hopes that she will hear from you all on other subjects.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

Do Not Hesitate to Ask if You Are Ignorant.

Will "Farmer's Daughter," who sent directions for making a music stand and cover for the same please send her address again to the editor of the Household.

"Corabelle:"—Will remember that she must send her name and address before we can insert her communication.—Ed.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. L.:—It is against the rules of this office to insert such requests as yours, even though they are so well meaning. Cannot you find what you need nearer your home?—Ed.

Gail Spencer:—Your story is not available for use in The Blade. A little more attention to your spelling and composition would assist you very much if you intend to continue in that line of work.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell of a pretty way to dress my hair, which is very thick and long?—C. E. Mc.

Will some one tell me the author of the song commencing:

"The sun was fast declining o'er the mountains to the West."—M. E. S.

Will some one tell me how to sugar popcorn, not to make it in balls, but just sugar it as it is popped.—Subscriber.

Answers.

Tell C. A. H., that damp salt well rubbed into the hair at night and left till morning and then combed out, will remove dandruff, and if repeated once or twice a month will keep the scalp in good condition.—A. A. Coventry.

Azalia:—If the nickel on your stove is tarnished scour with kerosene and ashes and polish with a woolen cloth or paper. Wipe it off occasionally with a wet cloth and polish with the woolen cloth and it will stay bright.—"Stella."

Marchioness:"—To remove ink from any white goods use for No. 1 acetic acid; for No. 2, a saturated solution of chloride of lime. Wash the spot with No. 1, wait 3 minutes, then apply No. 2; in 3 minutes more rinse in clear water. Repeat till the stain disappears. Old stains may require seven or eight applications. Be careful not to get the corks exchanged (if you number them as you should do) or get any of No. 2 on your fingers.—"Hotel Faurot."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labor; and the nights
I, weeping o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dream-land's fair delights,
Flung out your lengthened limbs and slept and grew,
Whilst I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride;
I taught her all those graces which you praise;
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She should lend luster to my fading days;
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough,
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God!
And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod
To bear and rear the woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go
Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
Of all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace,
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! And yet, were death to say,
"Choose, now, between them!" you would be her choice.
God meant it to be so—it is his way—
But can you wonder if, while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts me like a knife?—
No longer necessary to her life!

My pleasure in her joy is bitter-sweet.
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because for her, life's drama seems complete
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me! She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret;
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOLIDAY COOKING.

Some Things for the Children to Enjoy.

If there is ever a time in the whole year when the children should have their say about what shall we have for dinner, and for refreshments generally it is during the Christmas holidays. This is the time when they expect to have a good time; and something nice to eat, is always a part of their good times. The cook for The Blade Household, knows all about the things the children like and intended to give them the benefit of her knowledge this year, but, alas, for her plans, the older people monopolized all of the space before Christmas and so she will have to be content with giving some recipes that can be used at any time, but next year—well, we will see, if the young people do not have a whole column for their recipes next year.

Molasses Candy.

One cupful molasses (not syrup, remember), 1-2 cupful of brown sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil until it harders when dropped into cold water. Pour into a buttered tin, and when cool enough to handle, pull till white. Cut into lengths and let it harden again. If nut meats are stirred into the molasses just before pouring, it into the tins, the candy should be broken in pieces when cold.

Cream Candy.

Three cupfuls granulated sugar, 1-2 cupful vinegar, 1-2 cupful water and 1 tablespoonful of butter. Let it boil, without stirring, till it will harden in cold water, flavor to taste and pour into buttered tins till cool enough to pull.

Date Candy.

Four cupfuls white sugar, 1 scant cupful of water and butter the size of an egg. Prepare dates by removing the seeds and lay them in rows on buttered tins, leaving a space between the rows, and between the dates in each row. Nuts, raisins and figs may be used instead of dates. Boil the sugar, water and butter till it is ready to candy, then pour the boiling syrup over the dates. When cold, cut in squares with one date in each piece.

And when you have a cold, try this.

Hoarhound Candy.

Boil 2 ozs. of dried hoarhound in 1 1-2 pts. of water till the strength is all out of it. Strain, and to the water add 3 1-2 lbs. brown sugar. Boil until it will harden quickly when dropped into cold water, then pour on buttered tins. When just warm mark it off into 1-2 inch or 1 inch squares and when it is cold, these will readily break off.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Seven Strangers Within Their Hospitable Gates.

A West Virginia Daisy sprung up in our midst this morning, who was taken in hand by Weasel and Mountain Boy, and made to feel thoroughly at home. She is a farmer's daughter, living on a river bottom farm on the banks of the great Ohio river. She asked Miss Prudence's opinion concerning novel reading, and the Chaperone could only tell her, as she has told others, it all depends on the novel. A probable story of the real life of such people as we are meeting every day, or of the people who have had better advantages than we, and whose example will benefit us, cannot but help the reader; but the wild, impossible stories of adventure and elopements; of cruel parents and brave lovers without a cent to bless themselves with, who carry off the ladies of their love through all sorts of misadventures, and inherit untold wealth at the critical moment when they are about reduced to despair; those novels Miss Prudence does not approve of for her girls or for any one else; there is neither truth nor poetry in them, and the time and eyesight spent in reading them is worse than lost.

Weasel corrected a typographical error in her last letter, saying she mentioned Tygart's, not Fygart's Valley; she also had some very pleasant things to say of Circle and Chaperone, and is enjoying the tour.

Mountain Boy came into the circle to get rid of the blues, and seemed to effect his purpose. He agreed with Mabel in thinking that Lincoln outranked Washington in his services to his country, citing as proof the fact that while the latter had his united country to support him, Lincoln had a nation divided against itself to preserve. He heartily endorsed Kansas Zephyr's politics, but disagreed with her on the suffrage question, and in regard to dress.

Sportsman, from Indiana, came in to make inquiries concerning the rules and regulations of the circle, and was referred to Sweet Nightingale and The Twins, from the same state, who informed him that he had only to write short interesting letters, on one side of his paper, sign them with his nom and full address, and direct them to "Toledo Blade, Toledo, O.—Merry Go-Round Department." and they would carry safely, and receive due attention.

Sweet Nightingale lives half a mile from Pigeon River, where in summer time she fishes and bathes, and in winter skates and "goes sleigh-riding, and says she has lots of fun going to the country school.

Pedagogue and Cecellia, two strangers from Minnesota, kept each other company, until the Chaperone had leisure to welcome them. They both applied for tickets for the tour, and were unanimous in their good opinion of the circle. Pedagogue suggests that the numerous teachers in the Merry-Go-Round should send a bit of their personal experience in the school-room, a suggestion that the Chaperone heartily endorses, and he favors a Western trip, in accordance with Cow Boy's invitation.

Hortense from Iowa was taken in charge by Hazel Thornton, whose pleasant description of her Colorado home is retained for future use.. Hortense owned to being a school teacher, and while she could not see how a roll-call could be arranged, said she would like much to know how many Merry-Go-Rounders lived in the "finest state in the Union" (her own, of course. She believes in woman's rights, and in Sunflower's idea of old maids, and wishes there were more boys like Birch and Will-o'-the-Wisp, though she assured the latter that all city boys do not drink or chew. She told Mignon that she had read the House with Seven Gables, and liked it very much, and kindly sent her address to Hazel, with a promise of silk pieces for her Merry-Go-Round quilt.

Two Illinois newcomers were met by Wemet, who appeared recently as Nameless Jack, and who says his sister has returned and the family are very happy together. He asks who of the circle has read Snow Bound; he likes the poem very much. Modesty, one of the strangers he entertained unawares, gave his views on the woman's rights question, as follows: "I believe the opposite sex should have their say concerning all questions of a domestic nature, including that of finance, but should not go to the polls." He expressed himself well-satisfied with the circle's name and management, and discreetly withdrew before Miss Prudence had the least thought of consigning him to outer darkness, i. e., the waste basket. Pluma, the other stranger, objected to the Circle's name, because it reminded her of the institution, revolving about a "steam music-box," so often seen at various places of amusement. She claims this department does not need any such center of attraction to make it enjoyable, and suggests as an improvement "Our Exchange Column."

Having done their duty as hostesses and hosts to the new arrivals the Circle resolved itself into a "committee of the whole," and settled down for a jolly good time.

First came Ivan from his East Tennessee valley home, surrounded by the Cumberland and Blue Mountains. The state that gave to our history such men as Sevier, Shelby, Crockett and Johnson, and furnished 35,000 Federal soldiers during the rebellion. He stood by his late endorsement of Trew Blew's doctrine, and insisted, if the improvements suggested by him, were put into practice, the Circle would soon perceive an improvement. He extended hearty Christmas and New Year's greeting to Circle and Chaperone, and made himself very agreeable generally.

Robin drifted into the literary corner with Lenore and Roy, having the same hopes for authorship they confessed. In his home in Washington he says there has been no snow this winter, and the flowers are still blooming in many yards. He accounts for the singular warmth in so northern a situation, by explaining that the Japan current on the Pacific, tempers the winds that blow over the land, and while snow falls during the winter, it never stays on the ground for any length of time, since this warm wind, the "Chinook," melts it away in a day or so.

Iron Star found his way to Dorothy and Sunbeam, with whom he agreed that the Circle's motto should be "American," and shook hands with Forsaken, who agreed with him on the suffrage and temperance questions. He thought Trew Blew had been used rather hardly, and was sure his last letter must have won more favor for him amongst the members.

Black-Eyed Rebel took up Nannette's suggestion of local clubs with great enthusiasm, saying: "I think it would be very nice to have such a club and have one of our members send in monthly reports of our work. I hope we shall soon have colleges, and I think we shall all be proud of them.

Lavallette gave it as his opinion that any change in the Circle should be well considered, and not made in the foolish theory of "something new." He said he expects to go to the Republican National convention in 1896, and inquired how many of his fellow-members would meet him there. As for reading matter, United States History and Blackstone, with an occasional dive into Nasby, content his literary appetite.

Kansas Sunflower strayed in to ask if it was too late for her to take passage on the Tour. She was very nearly "left," but Miss Prudence managed to put her aboard.

Roxie sent the Chaperone a very nice little letter, for which Miss Prudence thanks her heartily, and to all of her girls and boys she sends her best Christmas wishes. They will be a little late in reaching you, perhaps, but she hopes none the less welcome for that.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—As the older friends of Miss Prudence are entitled to the greater part of her attention, we—as a "Mrs. Caudle" would say—have not dared to open our mouth, but have stepped aside and looked on with a great deal of interest, perfectly willing to give way to others who have a better right. We are unable to say just how long we would have remained speechless, had not "Jo" sprung the question: "Do the joys of an old maid exceed those of an old bachelor?"

Now, of course, our friends, together with Miss Prudence, will at once conclude that we have reached that delectable age when a box of snuff and a nice, even-tempered old cat are more to be desired than great men; and Miss Prudence, no doubt, is lamenting the fact that she was so unwise as to admit us. For fear such a decree should go forth, causing the withdrawal of many of the gentlemen from the Circle, we hasten to assure them that a deal can be learned from observation, and that it doesn't necessarily require a speaking from experience to advance an opinion. We simply wish to express our hearty approval of our aged sister's conduct by saying just a few words in her behalf.

The American girl of the present day having reached the age of 25 without having formed an alliance with that exalted creature—a man, finds herself free to think and act, and with environments at all congenial, and the tact of exercising her freedom in such a way as to place her beyond need of looking to others for support, immediately shows her self "mistress of the situation," and exhibits such a fund of self-reliance as makes her bachelor brother quake. She, in a veritable "garden of Eden"—minus an Adam, of course—he, on the brink of despair, draining the bitter dregs of the cup of despondency, because of not heeding the warning, "It is not good for man to live alone." Utterly helpless, he sits by his unswept hearth, groaning over the "might have been," and with the sewing on of many buttons, the darning of many rents, finds himself incapable of applying himself to wisdom, as does his old maid sister. We do not consider his position enviable.

To the "Highland School Ma'am's" query: "Can a truly noble, unselfish character redeem a young girl's face, if it is homely to deformity?" we will answer in the language of E. P. Roe: "Nature can do much to render the countenance attractive, but character accomplishes far more. The beauty which is of feature merely catches the careless, wandering eye. The beauty which is the reflex of character holds the eye and eventually wins the heart. We are sorry we can not claim the acquaintance of "Fleur de Lis." We are from "Hoosierdom," not South Dakota. We hope, however, to make friends with her. As we have already taken up too much of your valuable time, we will quietly into a signature.—"The Twins."

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My nom-de-plume represents a fraternity of which the badge is said to be "two fingers to the hand," meaning that the balance have been sawed off. —Shingle-Weaver.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

SHE LOVES ME AND I LOVE HER.

I.

Only a pussy-cat, soft, warm and gray!
And I hear someone ask, "What of that?"
She gave me such comfort on many a day,
And is sweet little puss she was, so they say.
"What of that?What of that?"
She was only a cat.

II.

Only a pussy-cat sat by my side,
And I hear you again, "What of that?"
She was always my friend, whatever betide,
And many's the trouble to her I confide:
She is only a cat.
But I say, "What of that? What of that?"

III.

Only a pussy-cat's soft little purr!
And you say, "What of that?"
A bundle of cosiness done up in fur;
But she loves me and I love her.
Though she's only a cat.
"What of that? What of that?"
—The Myrtle.

CONSTANTINOPLE TO ATHENS.

Past the World-Famed Hellespont—Through the Aegean Sea.

Finally we turned our backs upon the fascinations of the Sultan's home and sailing out through the Golden Horn, passed the Bosphorus and entered the Sea of Marmora, with its bordering of beautiful scenery. It is nearly oval in form, 135 miles long, 45 miles wide and very deep. It contains many beautiful islands, the largest being Marmora (2) that we were told is famous for its quarries of marble and alabaster. It is situated not far from the point where the sea is connected with the Grecian Archipelago by the Strait of Dardanelles, better known to readers of ancient history as The Hellespont (3). There is a strong current from the Bosphorus, through the Sea and through the Strait, which makes the feat of crossing it a dangerous one. This it was that won such golden laurels for Xerxes (4) who crossed into Europe in 480 B. C., and for Alexander (5) who crossed into Asia in 334 B. C. They both crossed near the neighborhood of the Rock of Abydos (6), where, according to legendary romance, Leander (7) swam across every night to visit Hero; and where in modern times Lord Byron imitated him, not for love, but for glory, and succeeded only in getting the ague!

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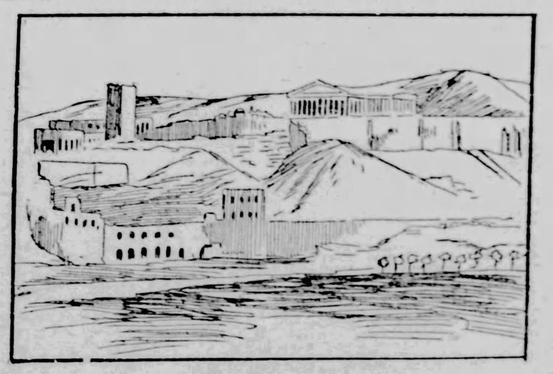

THE ACROPOLIS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Imagine the feelings of our romantic Merry-Go Rounders as they passed these historic spots. Even Terence was moved to momentary enthusiasm at the remembrance of Xerxes' magnificent army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot soldiers and 80,000 horsemen, beside an immense retinue of attendants; an armament supplemented by 1,200 war-ships, and 3,000 "ships of burden," the gathering together of which occupied him for four years. In the fifth year he moved his forces across the Hellespont by means of a bridge of boats, being seven days and nights in effecting the crossing.

"And all that really happened right here where we are standing this minute," Wild Fern said breathlessly.

"Yes," assented Esme Roy, "and Alexander the Great paid back the compliment with interest, when he moved his victorious army into Asia to conquer the Persians in Mysia."

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News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

POPULIST NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Conference Held by Leaders in St. Louis to Lay Plans.

St. Louis, Dec. 28.—The conference of the national committee of the People's party with its invited friends began to-day at the Lindell Hotel, in this city, with an attendance of something over 200. The meeting was called to order by National Chairman Taubeneck and immediately proceeded to discuss the advisability of holding sessions in secret.

The debate developed something of a tangle of which the gathering pulled itself after nearly two hours' discussion, by resolving itself into an informal conference with Mr. Taubeneck in the chair the national committee,

CHAIRMAN TAUBENECK.

proper being adjourned until 2 p. m. Secretary Turner, of the national committee, was made secretary of the conference. Chairman Taubeneck then stated the purpose of the conference as indicated in the call. Upon motion of Gen. Weaver, the chair was directed after some aimless debate to appoint a committee of five upon credentials and another of ten membres upon address, the latter to prepare a summary of the advices of the conference. A recess was then taken until 2 p. m.

Among the leaders, not members of the committee, present are: Senator Stewart, Congressman Lafe Pence, Gen. J. B. Weaver, Gen. J. G. Field, Marion Butler, Harry Skinner, Congressman-elect M. W. Howard, J. H. McDowell, Hon. W. H. Standish, and ex-Governor Pennoyer.

VENGEANCE OVERTOOK HIM.

First New York Police Official Sent to the Pen.

New York, Dec. 26.—Ex-Police Captain John F. Stephenson, the first of the police officials tried and convicted as an outcome of the exposures brought about by the Lexow committee, was sentenced by Judge Ingraham in the Court of Oyer & Terminer to-day to three years and nine months imprisonment in Sing Sing and to pay $1,000 fine.

On December 12, after a trial which lasted three days, the ex-captain was found guilty of bribery.

When Captain Stephenson was called to the bar he stood erect looking Justice Ingraham squarely in the face.

"Stephenson," said the clerk, addressing the prisoner, "have you any thing to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

Stephenson held a whispered conversation with his lawyer for a few seconds but did not reply.

Justice Ingraham, in a very quiet manner, addressed the convicted ex-officer and said:

"Stephenson, you have been convicted of bribery by a jury on evidence that was absolutely convincing and no man after hearing it could come to any other conclusion.

"The amount you got—$6 worth of peaches—is of no consequence in the fixing of the penalty for your crime.

"You were a public officer invested with great powers and you used them for your own benefit.

"The law gives me great discretion in fixing your punishment. Innocent persons—namely your wife and children—will suffer from your being punished and I deeply regret it. I consider yours to be a most serious offense. But I have received a recommendation from some of the jurymen to which I must give great weight. I have also received several letters from merchants who knew you, and they say that you never attempted to extort money from them or accept a bribe.

"On the other hand I have received communications which show that the complaint on which you were convicted was not an isolated case.

"I will endeavor to fix a punishment not excessive or severe, but which, to my mind, will show that this offense is a serious one, and that public officials must perform their duties without being influenced one way or the other by bribery.

"The sentence of the court is that you be confined in states prison for three years and nine months and pay a fine of $1,000."

The ex-captain took his sentence very coolly, and as he was crossing the street to the Tombs prison, being saved the ignomy of going over the new "Bridge of Sighs," he said to one of his friends: "I may as well go up and begin serving my time at once as I deem it useless to fight the case in the courts."

For good behavior Stephenson may earn a commutation of 11 months, thus making the actual time of imprisonment two years and ten months.

CLARKSON ON THE PRESIDENCY.

He Expresses Some Opinions on the Outlook.

San Francisco, Dec. 26.—Gen. John S. Clarkson, who rarely submits to be interviewed for newspapers, has fallen victim to the wiles of one of the Examiner's Christmas edition lady reporters, and talked of Presidential possibilities. Gen. Clarkson thinks that if the convention were held this year, McKinley would be the Republican choice, but as two years are to intervene, and in the meantime, Mr. Clarkson thinks, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, will come forward as a powerful candidate.

He thinks Mr. Reed the strongest American, intellectually, and that he would make a great President. He also spoke of Gen. Harrison, Senator Cullom, Robert Lincoln, Senator Spooner, Senator Davis, and Senator Allison as possibilities.

QUITMAN TROUBLE IS OVER.

Killing of Inoffensive Negroes to be Investigated.

Quitman, Ga., Dec. 26.—The trouble in Brooks county is over. The Valdosta Videttes were ordered here last night by the governor. Captain Cafferty, Lieuts. Staten and Peoples and Sheriff Thrasher at once visited the scene of the trouble. They found peace restored and the citizens assured them that there would be no more trouble and they came back to Quitman at 2 o'clock and the Valdosta Videttes left for Valdosta.

The killing of the negroes was entirely uncalled for. They were killed because they were supposed to know the whereabouts of Waverly Pike, whose crime was the original incentive to lawlessness. Good citizens of the county will do their utmost to bring to justice the men who are responsible for the trouble.

Gave Rabbits to the Poor.

Denver, Dec. 26.—Parson Tom Uzzell, of the Tabernacle, yesterday distributed among the poor of Denver 3,500 jack rabbits that were killed in the great hunt at Laramie last week. Baskets containing rabbits, chicken, turkey, fish, and other good things for Christmas dinner were sent to needy families from the tabernacle.

THE CLIFF HOUSE GONE.

California's Great Hotel Destroyed by Flames.

San Francisco, Dec. 26.—The Cliff House is burned.

A million dollar structure of steel and stone will be erected on its site.

Fire destroyed everything except a few souvenirs, the mirrors and easily moveable furniture, the silver ware, choice vintages and liquors and a part of the bar fixtures.

The fire was a hidden one between ceilings and walls. It started from a defective flue, and when the flames found a vent there was a rush and a roar of fire that could not be controlled.

A sharp, steady breeze from the northeast drove the flames and smoke directly across the seal rocks. As the wind increased the flames spread oceanward in a horizontal direction, and sparks fell continuously on the breakers.

The seals hastily betook themselves from the rocks and sought refuge in the sea. Sutro's magnificent baths, the finest in the world, adjoin the Cliff, and it was feared they, too, would be demolished. Fortunately the wind was in the opposite direction, and the baths were saved.

"I am sorry, of course, that the building is burned," said Mayor-elect Adolph Sutro. "It had become one of the landmarks of the Pacific coast, and many prominent people have been entertained there.

"Now that it is gone, its destruction will probably hasten the erection of the proposed hotel on Point Lobos. Just when the work will begin it is impossible to tell. The hotel scheme has not been fully matured.

"It had been my intention to build the hotel farther out on the point, and a few hundred feet nearer the Golden Gate, but now it may go on the site of the old Cliff House; that will depend on the size of the building. A hotel of very large proportions could not very well be built on the location of the house just burned, but there is room for a good-sized building that will answer all purposes. A feature of the new house will be an elevator which will take the visitors from the walk on the beach up to the top of the cliff, and save the climb up the steep grade."

NEGLECTED HIS DUTY.

Outrageous Act of United States Minister Terrell.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 28.—S. Radigan, a well known photographer of Boston, who is a friend of Malcom Aghamalian, of this city, wrote that gentleman recently about the treatment that he received from Minister Terrell at Constantinople. Mr. Radigan left this country last August on a visit with his relatives in Harpoot in Armenia. In his letter he says he was taken in custody in Constantinople just as soon as he landed.

He asked that he be allowed to see Minister Terrell, and the officers went with him. Minister Terrell told him that he could protect only American-born citizens, and that he had better go back to the United States at once. Mr. Radigan, who has been in Boston nine years, and a naturalized citizen of this country three or four years, said to Minister Terrell: "What does our government pay you for, unless to protect American citizens who are here?"

Minister Terrell replied that it was none of his business, and told him to leave the office. He agreed to leave the country, and went to the Russian frontier.

At Bartoun, in Russia, he secured a Russian passport, and in this way he was able to get to his relatives in Harpoot. In his letter he said: "A Russian passport protects me, but my American passports are useless."

Mr. Aghamalian will write these facts to Secretary of State Gresham, and will ask Senator Hawley to lay the matter before the Senate committee.

HENRY M. FLAGLER

Does Not Think That Texas Officers Want Him.

New York, Dec. 26.—In regard to the published reports that Gov. Mitchell, of Florida, had consented to honor the requisition upon him by the governor of Texas, calling for the delivery of Henry M. Flagler, of the standard Oil company, as a fugitive from justice from the state of Texas, Mr. Flagler said last night:

"I was never in the state of Texas in my whole life. If, however, the governor of Florida has really granted the requisition for my body, the Texas officers, if they remain in Florida long enough, will, in the course of two or three weeks be given a chance to serve their warrant upon me. I am certainly going down to Florida some time next month.

"I also go to St. Augustine with my family about the middle or last of January, and it seems to me to show great lack of common sense on the part of the Texas officials to go to Gov. Mitchell with their requisition papers just at this particular time. They should have taken this action two weeks eralier or a few weeks later if they really wanted to catch me, which, by the way, I rather doubt.

"I left Florida a week ago last Sunday. I had not heard anything about the forthcoming requisition papers at that time.

"I can not at this moment fix the exact date of my visit to Florida," Mr. Flager continued, "but it will certainly be by the 20th of January."

IT IS A PERSONAL LUXURY.

John G. Moore is Fighting the Income Tax Himself.

New York, Dec. 26.—John G. Moore says of the reports that he represents a syndicate in his efforts to have the income tax declared unconstitutional: "I have been at work on this matter for several months, and decided that I would contest the law as an individual and as a personal luxury. Since the matter became public a number of gentlemen have asked to come in, but I have told them as I tell you that nobody can come as it is my personal luxury and will be maintained as such. This is no syndicate in the matter and no individuals except myself. Under every circumstance the case will be continued as my personal act."

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE'S DIAMONDS

They Are Now Owned by a San Francisco Woman.

San Francisco, Dec. 27.—The diamonds once worn by the ex-Empress Eugenie are now the property of Mrs. W. A. Nevilles, of this city. At the sale of the personal effects of the unfortunate ex-empress, several years ago, they were purchased by the Rothschilds for the late Mrs. Kate Johnson, of San Francisco. At the latter's death her effects were disposed of at auction. Nevilles, who is interested in gold mines, recently made a rich strike, and procured the famous jewels as a Christmas gift for his wife.

Mrs. Hearst's Generous Gift.

Lead, S. D., Dec. 26.—One of the finest and best appointed library and reading rooms in the whole Northwest was presented, with appropriate ceremonies to the citizens of this place last evening, by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, widow of the late Senator Hearst, of California.

The library and reading rooms occupy the third floor of the new hall recently erected by the Miners' Union, and contains, in addition to a well selected stock of literature, embracing the leading dailies and periodicals of Europe and America, all of the paraphernalia necessary to play the popular games now in vogue.

PITTSBURG MINERS REJECT

The Compromise Rate Proposed at the Delegate Convention.

Pittsburg, Dec. 28.—The miners of the Pittsburg district have rejected the compromise rate proposed at the delegate convention last week. The vote of the locals was counted yesterday, and by a vote of 3 to 1, it was decided that nothing less than the 69 cent rate would be accepted. In spite of this decision many of the miners are now working at the 55 cent rate adopted by the operators' association, while others have made individual contracts at different prices below 69 cents.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

Harrowing Experience of County Treasurer Stofen.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Dec. 29.—Santa Rosa had the biggest sensation in its history yesterday. The county treasury was robbed of nearly $8,000 and County Treasurer Stofen was left insensible in the vault to suffer death, by the robbers, who locked the door to the vault on him. The robbery occurred about 9 o'clock yesterday morning, but was not discovered until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. All this time, County Treasurer Siofen lay on the floor of the vault gasping for breath, fearing every moment during conscious intervals would be his last. Had it not been for the timely arrival of his wife, the only person in town who knew the combination, he would have been dead. She had been at Cloverdale and on her return here about 4 o'clock learned the treasurer had not been home to dinner. The children said they had taken his dinner to him and left it in front of the office, but that they could not get in.

Mrs. Stofen, suspecting something wrong, rushed down to the office, which is in the south corner of the court house and adjoining the sheriff's office. The door was locked, but with the aid of the janitor, she opened the door. Between the front part of the office and the treasurer's front office is a wicket gate. This also was locked. Once inside, Mrs. Stofen found her fears realized. On the desk was her husband's coat and hat. On the floor in confusion were money trays, in which the treasurer carried money from the vault, which is in a rear office, to his desk in the room.

About that time a faint knocking was heard from inside the vault. Mrs. Stofen cried out that her husband was in the vault and that she could save him if she could remember the combination. The first time she tried she failed, owing to her great excitement. Next time, realizing that her husband's life depended upon her coolness, she was more successful, and the big iron doors of the vault slowly swung open. Treasurer Stofen was found on the floor of the vault unconscious. The safe door was open and most of the money removed.

Treasurer Stofen, as soon as revived, said he opened up the office as usual about 9 o'clock. As he was carrying one of the trays with money from the vault, a tall man in stocking feet stepped into the door of the vault and with uplifted dagger in his right hand told him to drop the trays, which he did. As he stooped over to lay the trays down, the robber struck him a powerful blow on the back of the head which rendered him unconscious, for how long he could not tell. He says the man was tall and wore chin whiskers, and must have gained admittance to the office during the night and waited for him to open the safe. Officers are scouring the country for the robber, but not a trace has been found.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN LOUISVILLE.

Half a Million Worth of Property Burned Up.

Louisville, Dec. 29.—Fire broke out between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning in the five-story building of Stucky, Brendt & Co., general merchandise, on Sixth street, between Main and Water. Three alarms were quickly turned in, as the building is located in the business part of the city. The entire department were soon on the ground, but the fire spread rapidly, soon gutted the Stucky, Brendt & Co. building, and communicating to the rear of the five story building occupied by J. H. Quast & Co., boots and shoes, and Bareford, Lawson & Co., millinery, burned its way through to Main street.

In a short time this building also was completely gutted, and the firemen are now endeavoring to save the adjoining buildings. The large six-story wholesale dry goods house of Robinson, Norton & Co. adjoins the Quast building on the west side. The loss is: Stucky, Brendt & Co., $82,000, fully insured; J. H. Quast & Co., $100,000, covered by insurance; Bareford, Lawson & Co., $40,000, insured, with enough additional losses to make it run up to half a million.

The weather was bitter cold, and the firemen suffered considerably, being compelled to stand in pools of water while fighting the flames. Unless the fire is gotten under control soon the loss will be very heavy.

FORTY-ONE PEOPLE BURNED

At a Christmas Gathering at Silver Lake, Oregon.

Klamath Falls, Ore., Dec. 29.—News has just reached here that a most horrible holocaust occurred at Silver Lake, Lake county, Oregon, on Christmas eve, in which forty-one persons were burned to death and sixteen badly injured, five of whom will die. A large crowd had assembled in Christman Bros.' hall to attend a Christmas tree festival. While the festivities were at their height some one climbed on a bench, from which point he expected to get a better view of what was going on.

In doing so his head struck a lamp hanging from the ceiling, overturning it. The oil immediately caught fire, and everything in the room being dry and of an inflammable nature, the one shouted, "Shut the door and keep room was soon a mass of flames. Some quiet; it can be put out."

By this time the confusion was so great that people began scrambling in a wild endeavor to reach the door. Women and children were trampled under foot, and as there was only one exit to the hall and the fire being between the majority of the crowd and the flames.

The door, many rushed headlong into Forty-one people are dead, and five of the injured are likely to die.

PETER TURNEY'S DELUSION.

He Imagines That He Was Re-Elected Governor of Tennessee.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 27.—United States Circuit Judge Lurton entered a decree last Monday appointing Peter Turney, who is now governor of Tennessee, commissioner to sell certain railway securities connected with the control of the Cincinnati Southern railroad and connections.

Governor Turney, yesterday in a letter to Judge Lurton, declined the appointment, because he says the duties of commissioner are hardly consonant with the duties of governor, and that while this sale will not be held until some time next year, he believes he is legally re-elected governor and a full investigation will so demonstrate. This is the first public announcement by Gov. Turney that he will insist upon a thorough investigation of the frauds committed on November 6, and that he will contest Governor-elect H. C. Evans's seat.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK IMPLICATED.

A Man Testifies That He is a Blackmailer.

New York, Dec. 28.—The feature of the Lexow committee's investigation yesterday was the introduction of evidence to show that Anthony Comstock, agent for the Society for the Prevention of Vice, had taken a bribe of $1,000 from a green goods man to procure the dismissal of an indictment against him.

Inspector Williams' ordeal on the witness stand was also continued and the existence of panel houses and a large number of houses of ill fame in his district while he was captain was shown. He said he found the houses of ill fame there when he came to the district and left them unmolested, "because they were fashionable." Mr. Goff also introduced the inspector to the knowledge that Japanese law would not have allowed him to own property when he claimed that he did.

ARE SOLID GLOBES OF ICE.

Sad Condition of 1,800,000 Boxes of Oranges.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 31.—Reports by wire from 51 correspondents in the orange districts of the state, indicate that at least 1,800,000 boxes of picked oranges are solid globes of ice, and more than 300,000 boxes of oranges in warehouses or lying in bulk preparatory to picking, are frozen. Tomatoes, cabbage, beans, peas and all vegetables in the northern half of the state are ruined, except the pineapple plantations, which are not much injured.

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR FAIR.

Only His Son Charles at His Bedside.

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—Ex-Senator James G. Fair died suddenly at the Lick House in this city. It was a surprise to the community, the seriousness of his illness having been kept a secret. He passed away at his apartments in the Lick House, the hotel being part of his vast possessions.

Fair had been in bed since Monday. For several hours before the end came he was unconscious. The doctors said that death was due to diabetes and Bright's disease.

Charles Fair, his son, was at the bedside when the old gentleman breathed his last.

When it was obvious that life could not last long frequent bulletins were sent to Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair, the daughters who are in New York, by Charles Fair. This son was the only relative of the ex-senator present when he died.

James G. Fair was fashioned in a strong mould and was a vigorous, large man. He was afflicted with diabetes for a dozen years and third Bright's disease developed. He stood the siege of these ailments for a long period, and though his physicians saw he was getting weaker some years ago he kept attending to business and carried himself sturdily. Up to last week he was looking after the affairs pertaining to his immense interests without any outward indication that he would release his hold for a long time.

"In four days," said Dr. Livingston, his family physician, "he became unable to leave his room. He had been ailing for a considerable time, and for months he was fully aware of his condition, appreciating the ravages of the disease. Yesterday he seemed improving and hopes were entertained for his recovery. About noon he had a relapse and sank steadily until his death.

Dr. Livingston, who was the senator's near friend, as well as physician, says the ex-senator left no special message for his family or other persons.

Before the fatal attack came on him he made a will in which he revoked the action he had taken to disinherit his son Charlie. As to the value of the estate the doctor says that two years ago, when the senator was complaining of his physical suffering, he remarked: "I would not pass another winch a night for every cent of my $38,000,000."

The doctor added that Fair knew almost exactly what he was worth at that time, the estate would aggregate about $40,000,000 at moderate estimate.

In the early '70s Fair was a poor man. He had no prospects in his mines, and no one had the hardihood to predict fortune for him. He went in the stock market with Flood, Mackay and others. The great manipulators won fabulous wealth.

Fair never gave up his mining interests, but he abandoned the speculative feature of them, and turned to the other fields. He began to invest in local real estate and owned acres of it before he died. He owned the Lick House, but it was simply an item in a long inventory. He possessed some of the best business and residence property in San Francisco. His rent roll each month was a fortune for an ordinary man. He was one of the heaviest taxpayers in the city.

He owned forty blocks of land in the Northwestern part of the city. For months he has employed hundreds of men improving it and establishing a desirable water front. South of Market street Fair owned several manufactories, some of which he was directly interested in to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Most of his wealth, however, was in his mines. He had exclusive ownership of many, not only in this state, but in Nevada. He owned them at the time of his divorce from his wife. Then they were considered of little value. In the last few years a boom gave them value. Nine years ago Senator Fair was worth no more than $9,000,000. The disposition of the estate is a matter of exceptional interest. A few months ago when Charles Fair, the only son married, his father decided to disinherit him. He tore up the will which he had made and drafted another in which he left his son nothing, and the bulk of his property to charity. The matter became public property, because the elder Fair made it so. When Charles Fair returned from his wedding trip efforts were made to effect a reconciliation with his father. Dr. Livingston acted as mediator, and Fair and son were once more friends. The Senator determined to make a new will. Two months ago he asked for the document in which he had disinherited his son. It was given to him, and was at once destroyed. Fair then made another will. It was olographic, and was not witnesed by any one.

In handing it to his secretary Fair said: "This is a pretty fair division, I think—share and share alike."

Fair's friends know that he treated his son Charles as fairly as he treated his other children. They believe, from what they know of his purposes and his words that he left very little, if anything at all, to charity. They construe his remarks to his secretary to mean that he divided his immense fortune among his children, share and share alike. These children are Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair and Charles J. Fair.

Messrs. Breeze & Angus are managers of Fair's business matters. They have acted in that capacity for years and have been also the private secretaries of the deceased. The olographic will is in the possession of Mr. Breeze, who says he will take no steps regarding it until after the funeral of the millionaire.

The doctors will make an autopsy to-day to satisfy themselves as to the internal condition of the ex-Senator's remains.

WILL BE CONTESTED

Trouble Brewing Over the Will of Ex-Senator Fair.

San Francisco, Dec. 31.—The chance for a contest over the will of the late ex-Senator James G. Fair seems to be interesting. Charlie Fair has realized that the clause depriving of a share in the estate any children he may have is a slight. He also resents the placing in the hands of outsiders the management of the Fair estate. On the latter ground, it is thought his sisters, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair, may join hands with Charlie, although he has not been on speaking terms with them for some years.

Ex-Senator Fair's will was filed for probate Saturday night. After leaving several public bequests and small legacies to relatives he left the residence of his estate to three trustees to be held for his three children, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair and Charles C. Fair, they to receive the income of the estate as long as they live and the whole to revert to the children of his daughters after death.

MRS. SPRECKLES'S DIAMONDS

Were Lost at a Reception in San Francisco.

San Francisco, Dec. 26.—Mrs. C. A. Spreckels is searching for a sunburst. It is a sunburst of diamonds, and is valued at considerable over $2,000. It contains about fifty brilliant diamonds, and was given to Mrs. Spreckels some years ago by her husband. She lost it a few nights ago while attending a swell reception, or while on the way to the reception, she is not sure which.

Opened the Door and Walked Out.

Perry, O. T., Dec. 27.—Ira M. Terrell, who has been thrice convicted of the murder of Wm. Embree, and who is under sentence to the penitentiary for twelve years, last night obtained access to the corridor of the jail, ostensibly to write a Christmas letter to his wife. The jailor fell asleep and Terrell opened the door and walked away. He was a member of the first legislature of Oklahoma and killed Wm. Embree in Guthrie, as the result of a land contest.

The Hayes Place Burned.

Fremont, O., Dec. 29.—Fire started in ex-President Hayes's old home in Spiegel Grove, this noon, and spread rapidly. The fire is now considered under control, but no estimate of damage can be made accurately now.

BURNING OF THE DELEVAN.

Something of the History of the Old Hotel.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 31.—The candidacy of the several men for the speakership of the assembly received a startling baptism of fire here last night, for the Delevan House, that famous hostelry known from Maine to California, the mecca of politicians and the center of all big state political events for 40 years, was completely destroyed. Fire is not an uncommon visitor, but fire such as this last night has seldom been seen.

It was 8:30 o'clock and the political headquarters of both Fish and Malby were filled with politicians and newspaper men. State Factory Inspector Connolly, who had been in the lobby with a number of people, started to go up the elevator. He remarked that he smelled smoke and suggested an investigation. Before it could be begun there were cries of fire from different parts of the house simultaneously. The outburst of flames before an alarm could be given to arouse the inmates of the rooms was something appalling. Up the elevator shaft there shot a solid column of flame; up the staircase near by shot another column.

As the mass of white hot flame reached each of the five floors it branched out into tongues of leaping destruction and it seemed as though the whole interior of the structure was a seething mass.

Fortunately the guest list was not large and the majority of those registered were politicians, and were down on the second floor where Mr. Fish and Mr. Malby had headquarters. There was a rush for the stairs in front and the servants' stairs in the back, where the flames had not yet reached, and in a few minutes there was a tumbling mass of humanity coming down these few means of egress.

Within ten minutes after the first note of alarm at least twelve persons were dangling on the insufficient rope fire escape or hanging to the window sills. The department arrived quickly. On the right side of the building there appeared at a window surrounded by smoke, a man and a woman. The man had hold of the woman, trying to persuade her to wait for help, but she broke away and sprang out. She struck a balcony and rebounded to the street. The man waited for a ladder, and was taken down in safety. His name was H. A. Foakes, and he represented a cash register company in Dayton, O. The woman was his wife, and she will probably die.

The Delevan House is fifty years old, and is one of the most famous hotels in the country. It is a part of the estate of Edward C. Delevan. Hurley & Moore, the proprietors, lately made valuable improvements in expectation of a big winter season. The total loss is estimated at $500,000 with insurance of $300,000.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 31.—The police are unable to account for eight persons, two maids and six guests, who were in the Delavan Hotel before the fire. They say that while it is possible that these persons may now be in some hotel it is quite probable that their bodies are hidden in the ruins.

MADELINE POLLARD.

She Does Not Intend to Go on the Stage, After All.

New York, Dec. 29.—Statements have been made that Miss Madeline Pollard intended to go upon the stage and that, in person or by an attorney, she purposed following Congressman Breckinridge about the country to levy upon the proceeds of his lecture tour just begun. Prompted by this and other statements, Miss Pollard has requested the Associated Press to give publicity to the following:

"I have not wanted to make a statement of any kind. I could not see that what I did was of interest to people generally. So I have tried to bear all that has been said of me as part of the punishment for my failure as a woman. Within the last few days the impression has gone abroad that I am under an assumed name, that I am friendless and not sufficiently provided for, and that I am in Washington today. If ever a woman had friends great and true—men and women—it is I. I will not believe that men refuse to give my brother employment because of my broken life. Nearly half of America has wanted employment this year.

"I am not going before the world in any capacity. I have no message to carry. I have asked a question with my life; it can not be answered in a day. I have no theatrical friends. I have never been situated so I could have. Their world is far removed from mine. I live quietly in a private house with my brother and Southern friends. I do not believe there is a man or woman on earth who thinks there is a money compensation for sorrow. I am sorry if, for any reason whatsoever, I am accused of realizing so little the enormous sorrow that overshadows my life. I am not under an assumed name. I have not been in any place where I was not well-known. I do not mean to be while I live. I have stained my father's spotless name and with the Christ-power I shall fight from under the stain."

WANTED TO KILL GROVER.

A. W. Alton Was Not Satisfied With Presidential Management.

New Orleans, Dec. 27.—A. W. Alton of New Jerusalem, Tex., was arrested upon the charge of insanity. He arrived over the Southern Pacific from Houston, Tex., and claims that he was not satisfied with the way Grover Cleveland was running affairs and was on his way to Washington to kill him when intercepted by officers. He was locked up in an end cell last night which he almost demolished during the night. He tore the boards from the wall down and did considerable damage. He was almost nude this morning when the officers removed him from the demolished cell to another one. Alton claims also somebody is after him to do him up.

In his ravings he sees all kinds of demons, and this morning said that he could raise the dead and make the sea give up its treasures. He says he has a wife and several little brothers, and thinks that they will come to his rescue and release him from jail.

The conductor of the train upon which Alton arrived in this city says the man amused the passengers considerably with his funny sayings.

Judge Cain remanded Alton to the workhouse to be examined by the city physician.

IS A HORRIBLE STORY

Of Torture Suffered by a Man and His Family.

Regina, N. W. T., Dec. 29.—The house of William Thompson, a farmer living 25 miles north, burned yesterday morning, the inmates barely escaping in their night clothes. Mrs. Thompson and two children were badly burned, one child died shortly after being taken from the house. Placing his wife and the remaining children in a hen-house, Thompson set out for a neighbor's, one mile and a quarter away, having only some rags around his feet and head, and being otherwise nude, although the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero. He reached with 100 yards of the neighbor's house, when he fell exhausted, and almost frozen stiff. Fortunately he was seen and was carried into the house and cared for. When assistance reached Mrs. Thompson and child the frost had added to the torture of their burns, and it is doubtful whether they can survive. Thompson is also in a critical condition.

MINING COMPANY ORGANIZED

To Wrest the Yellow Metal From Clear Creek.

Denver, Dec. 31.—The Clear Creek gold mining and water power company has been organized by New York, Phliadelphia and Colorado capitalists to wrest from the bed of Clear Creek for thirteen miles above Golden, the vast accumulation of gold, supposed to have been deposited there through the ages and to supply electrical power for the running of all sorts of machinery. The company contemplates supplying power to run the street cars and all sorts of plants in this city by generating electricity many miles away exactly as has been done by "Harnessing Niagara." It is one of the most important enterprises ever undertaken in this state.

FREEZING AND STARVING.

Pitiable Condition of Nebraska Residents.

Hastings, Dec. 31.—Terrible destitution exists in Perkins, Chase, Dundy, Liberty, Hayes, Hitchcock and Frontier counties, and the worst feature is the people in several localities are afflicted with scurvy for want of wholesome food. The state relief committee find itself unabie to relieve all the people in distress, so great are the demands for aid.

The railroad men report that since the cold snap no less than a dozen people have perished in the above counties in the past two days for want of food and fuel.

Hundreds of families are without coal, and in the border counties, where no trees or brush exists, the poor people had a hard time to keep from freezing to death. In Perkins county destitution is complete. Over 600 families are appealing for help.

Coal is most needed in the drouth district and Mr. Ludden, of the state relief committee, and General Manager Holdridge, of the Burlington & Missouri River railroad, are doing everything in their power to forward supplies to the more destitute localities. Very few of the farmers in the border counties have any stock, having let their cattle and horses roam at large. Corn planted in eight or ten of the Western counties never reached a height of over six inches, and contains no more nourishment than sage brush.

People are living in covered wagons by the hundreds, rather than face starvation and freeze to death. One of the first acts of the legislature, which convenes next Tuesday, will be to pass a suitable appropriation for the relief of the sufferers.

North Platte reports: "It is a fact that there have been many cases of suffering and hunger among the drouth sufferers in Lincoln and Logan counties. Many families have only potatoes and milk to live on now, with no hay or grain for their stock through the rest of the winter. Unless aid comes from the outside, there will be many deaths from hunger and want of clothing this winter."

A dispatch from Curtis says: "Great distress prevails throughout this and surrounding counties owing to crop failures the past two seasons. Relief committees have been organized in almost every precinct and solicitors sent east for aid, several car loads of which have been received. This, with what aid the county has been able to give, has alone prevented suffering among the people and stock. The outlook is extremely dark, owing to the scarcity of food and seed grain, the two articles now most needed."

A Lincoln dispatch says: "There are thousands who could not withstand the rigors of a cold spell without aid, which is being sent out in generous supply by the relief commission wherever it is known to be needed. Relief supplies are being received from all over the country, and shipped directly to the needed in car lots."

BROOKS COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Denounce the Killing of Negroes at Quitman.

Quitman, Ga., Dec. 27.—The latest development of the race troubles in this county, is the following official statement of the disturbance issued by the board of county commissioners of Brooks county:

"Whereas, Several murders have recently been perpetrated in our county, and three negroes shot down without provocation, as far as we can ascertain, and other negro men and women were abused and submitted to nameless indignities; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By us:

"First—That we deplore, and most severely condemn this spirit of lawlessness that seems to pervade our county.

"Second—That we feel that these crimes have left a blot on the fair name of our county.

"Third—That we call upon law-abiding citizens to put down these crimes, and we appeal to the courts to see that these criminals are brought to trial and justice meted out to them.

"Fourth—That the report given in the Atlanta Constitution of December 25, is entirely wrong, and calculated to do our county inestimable damage; that there has never been any race riot in our county; that the negroes have never been under arms, and that the whole trouble has been caused by about 25 white men, not over four of whom lived in Brooks county, and we invite and appeal for a fair investigation of the facts from the papers.

(Signed.) "S. S. ROUNTREE,
"Chairman."

THEY LOOK FOR A CHANGE.

Superintendent Byrnes is Expected to Step Out.

New York, Dec. 31.—It was apparent at police headquarters in this city today that a change in affairs there is speedily approaching and gloom pervaded the entire building. No one in the big marble structure doubts for an instant superintendent Byrnes intends to retire as soon as his successor is appointed. The head of the police department was in his office as early as 8 o'clock in the morning, but he denied himself to visitors although he remained several hours.

There was no concealment among those posted that the superintendent was engaged in making preparations to move. He was closeted during his stay with his confidential man, Sergt. Frank Mangin, and was clearing out all his private papers and effects which have gathered during the years of his sojourn in the building. They were packed up and sent to his home on West Fifty-eighth street.

Nobody cared to talk much about the matter, but those who did speak, spoke in terms of astonishment and regret at their chief's coming retirement.

IT CAUSED A SENSATION.

Final Report of the St. Louis Grand Jury.

St. Louis, Dec. 27.—The grand jury yesterday made its final report to Judge Edmunds, of the criminal court. The report is in its relation to the recent election of a sensational character. In the batch of 173 true bills returned over 50 are for election crimes and included in these are indictments charging Sheriff-elect Henry Troll and his son Charles, who is a deputy in Collector Ziegenhein's office, with bribery.

These two politicians, together with James Haggerty, of the house of delegates, are the most prominent ones against whom true bills were found. The other indictments are against unimportant persons.

FOR WOMEN VOTERS.

Instructions Issued Regarding School Elections.

Columbus, O., Dec. 29.—Secretary of State Taylor has written a circular letter in reply to questions asking for instructions for the guidance of women in making nominations of and voting for members of school boards. He is of the opinion that women may nominate candidates distinctively of their own, provided they certify to the board of county state supervisors the party or political principles represented by the candidate. Elections will be conducted the same as heretofore except that there must be separate ballot, ballot box and tally sheet for the school election. Under the ballot law emblems can only be adopted by state conventions of political parties.

COLLISION IN CHICAGO.

Passenger Train on the Rock Island Wrecked.

Chicago, Dec. 31.—A Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific passenger coach being rapidly switched into the Rock Island depot yesterday afternoon, crashed into a carriage at the Pacific avenue and Harrison street crossing. Five persons were badly injured, the carriage demolished, and one of the horses so badly injured that it had to be shot.

Attempted a Big Swindle.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 29.—John J. Patton, who claims to be proprietor of a mammoth shoe house at Portland, Ore., is under arrest charged with attempted swindle. He has purchased big bills of goods from several local firms, and given in payment therefor checks on the First National bank of Seattle, Wash. Investigation showed his firm was not rated. Patton is a well educated and stylishly dressed negro.

FOREIGN.

WAS SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

More of the Story of Little Arthur Bellinger.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 29.—There is a mystery about a sale into slavery among the West Coast Indians of the little boy by Arthur Bellinger. Both are Americans, and the man, who is a cripple, formerly lived in Seattle. The boy is too young to tell much of a story, but maintains that he once lived in Michigan. He says Bellinger treated him mirerably, and will be happier among the Indians.

The idea that Bellinger is the child's father has been abandoned by the police, who now think that there was some reason for putting the child out of the way.

The boy, who is about eight years of age, says he was sent to school at Chassell, Mich., for a year, and that his teacher's name was Cooty Bellinger. The child left here for the West Coast three months ago in the schooner Favorite, and the police believe he came direct her from the East. The police had trouble in getting the child, as the Indians spirited him away. However, by the aid of Catholic missionaries he was recovered. The chief of the tribe came here with the police, and will give evidence against Bellinger. The Indians celebrated the purchase of the boy with a grand dance. He was stripped and painted, and the whole tribe danced around him. They treated him very kindly, and the boy objected to parting with them. Bellinger is to be arraigned today.

THE CHINESE ENVOYS

Are About Ready to Start for Tokio.

Shanghai, Dec. 28.—Peace Commissioner Chang Yin Huan has left Tien Tsin for Chefoo, and is expected here on January 6, when he will join Peace Commissioner Shao Yao Lien, and go to Tokio.

Chang Yin Huan is president of the board of the revenue, a member of the Tsung Li Yamen, and was Chinese minister to Washington a few years ago.

Shao Yao Lien is acting governor of the Chinese province of Huan He was formerly governor of Formosa and while occupying that post he offered a reward of about $10,000 for the destruction of a big Japanese war ship, and for the destruction or capture of a small war ship of Japan he offered about $6,000. But, not content with this, he offered a further schedule of rewards to be paid to the Chinese who took Japanese soldiers or sailors dead or alive. For the head of a Japanese officer 200 taels were offered, and for the head of a Japanese private 100 taels was the reward. On this ground it has been asserted the Japanese government would refuse to receive him as a peace commissioner.

SLIGHT JAPANESE LOSSES

At the Recent Engagement Near New Chang.

Yokohama, Dec. 26.—The Japanese force, commanded by Field Marshal Oyama, lost two officers and 52 men killed and had

WASHINGTON.

CROKER AND COCKRAN.

True Inwardness of Their Present War of Words.

Washington, Dc. 26.—Washington has been much amused at the war of words between Croker and Cockran. though the war is chiefly on Croker's side, Cockran refusing to reply, says Walter Weilman in his correspondence to the Chicago Herald. It has been known here for a long time that Cockran was saying the ugliest things of Croker which it is possible for one man to say of another.

Called Him a Thief.

According to private conversation of the great orator of Tammany Hall, the grand sachem of Tammany was a thief and a scoundrel, a seller of franchises and taker of blood money.

It was Cockran who first opened the eyes of a good many people in Washton to the fact that Tammany Hall was a corrupt organization, and it is

HON. RICHARD CROKER.
(Millionaire and ex-Boss of Tammany and ex-Ruler of New York City.)

considered not at all improbable that the same information may have been conveyed to Dr. Parkhurst and Mr. Goff, with important particulars. This is what Croker is supposed to mean when he speaks of Cockran as an informer. At one time Cockran seriously meditated open revolt against Croker's leadership in Tammany, and he then said if he did organize rebellion within the society he would make things exceedingly warm for Croker and his friends.

There has never been any secret about the cause of Cockran's sudden hatred for Croker. It was because the boss would not make the eloquent Congressman the Tammany candidate for United States Senator. Croker refused because he had previously given his pledge to Murphy, and with all his faults, Croker is said to be a man who keeps his word. If Murphy had released Croker from his promise Bourke Cockran would have been the beneficiary, for in that event the new Senator would have been William C. Whitney.

The friends of Mr. Cockran say he has been inordinately ambitious. A few years ago he was a briefless, unknown lawyer in New York. He practiced oftener before the free lunch bars than the bench. He was on his uppers. Suddenly, and almost by accident, it was discovered he had a silver tongue. In an incredibly short time he was in lucrative practice and began to assume prominence in politics. His fame as an orator rapidly spread. He came to Congress and immediately aspired to be Senator.

Success had made his a trifle vain and overeager. He violated the first principle of Tammany service, which is subordination. He was too proud to "take his medicine" calmly, and began to talk back and abuse his chief. Now he will retire to private life. It is said to Cockran's credit that ambition has made a good deal of a man of him. He has been careful of his money and has now a snug sum to the good. His personal habits are not to be criticised. He has been extraordinarily studious in an effort to fit himself for the great career as a public man which he believed was opening out before him.

Already he is known as the best debater in the House excepting only Tom Reed. Cockran has been as ambitious socially as in politics. He and his charming wife have entertained liberally and become quite popular in the best circle.

IMPORTING AND EXPORTING CORN.

Some Interesting Figures From Consul Lathrop at Bristol.

Washington, Dec. 28.—United States Consul Lathrop, Bristol, Eng., has furnished to Secretary Morton some interesting tables showing first, the corn importing countries of Europe, from which it appears that eight countries imported during the fiscal year last year over 134,000,000 bushels of corn. Of this amount the United Kingdom took over 70,000,000 and Germany nearly 33,000,000 bushels; France took corn and a half millions and Holland and Austria-Hungary each took six and a half millions; Belgium took nearly five millions and Denmark and Switzerland nearly one and one-third million bushels each.

Next, tables showing the imports of the United Kingdom, Germany, France and Holland and from what countries they supplied themselves. The bulk of the corn imported into the United Kingdom comes from Roumania and the United States, but Russia, Canada and Turkey in the order named are drawn upon to make up about one-fourth of the supply. Nearly half of that imported into Germany comes from the United States and this country, while Roumania supplies nearly four-fifths of Germany's total imports. Russia and Bulgaria also contribute a fair proportion to the German supply. America furnishes not more than a fifth of the French supply, almost the whole of the four-fifths is made up from Roumania. Russia and Turkey in the order named. In supplying Holland America is slightly in the lead with Roumania a close second. All these statements are based upon the figure for the last fiscal year, which in every case shows a marked advance over the year previous. One of the features shown by these tables of special interest to our own farmers is that while Argentine has been an important factor in international wheat market her exports of corn to European countries have fallen off greatly. They aggregated nearly 11,-600,000 bushels in 1893 and less than 2,000,000 bushels in 1894.

It will occasion surprise to some Americans that the little kingdom of Roumania furnished the principal corn importing countries of Europe more corn than the United States. Roumania supplied 48,000,000, the United States 46,000,000 of that cereal for European consumption the year 1894.

ABOUT THAT LETTER.

It Passed Through the Hands of President Cleveland.

Washington, Dec. 28.—An extended search of the files of the White House shows that the letter referred to by Lewis S. Streep in his examination before the Lexow committee yesterday in New York, charging Anthony Comstock with accepting bribes, was received at the White House last July. The President, however, never saw it personally, but as it came as part of an application for pardon, it was referred on July 15 last, to the department of Justice, where such cases are made up for the final consideration of the President.

Since then nothing has been heard of the paper at the White House. The answer of the President, to which the witness referred yesterday, was nothing more than a printed acknowledgement of the receipt of the letter.

END OF THE FOURTH MONTH.

Total Receipts Under the New Tariff Law.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.—The fourth month under the new tariff law ends with to-day. The total receipts of the Treasury during that time have been $83,126,190, while the expenditures have been $118,908,178, thus the new revenue law whose advocates glibly announced that what ever its faults it would meet the running expenses of the government, has produced in its first four months a deficit of $35,777,988. The McKinley law, in its first four months, produced a surplus of about $7,000,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN EXTRA SESSION.

It Will Depend on Two Measures Now Pending.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The talk of an early extra session of the Fifty-fourth Congress has been revived at the Capitol by the contingencies which may arise growing out of the failure of necessary legislation to pass at the present session. Upon two pending bills, it is generally believed, hinges the question of whether Mr. Cleveland will convoke the new Congress soon after the death of the Fifty-third on March 4th. These two bills are the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, which contains the appropriation for carrying the income tax into effect, and which is pending in the Senate, and the Carlisle currency bill, which is under debate in the House, and the fate of which will be decided soon after the House reconvenes January 5.

Said by Hill and Quay.

The opponents of the income tax, led, it is believed by Senators Hill and Quay, will make a desperate fight in the Senate, and will exhaust every parliamentary expedient to defeat it. Mr. Quay, it is said, has added largely to the accumulated speech with which he proposed talking the tariff bill to death at the last session, unless certain concessions were made in the wool schedule, and is prepared to stand a long siege. He already has enough manuscript, it is said, to consume a month's time of the Senate, and with proper support, believes the efforts of the income tax opponents will be successful. Many Democratic members of the Senate, however, affect to believe that the ultimate defeat of the bill before adjournment is impossible. If it should fail, an extra session would be imperative, if the administration proposes to make the income tax operative. The currency bill offered by the administration as a means of partially relieving the treasury, is regarded as of paramount importance. The condition of the treasury is critical.

Gold Reserve Dwindling.

The gold reserve is dwindling rapidly and another bond issue is regarded as inevitable if nothing is done to prevent the present drain of gold. Mr. Cleveland, it is understood on high authority, is very much in earnest in his desire for some legislation at this session to relieve the treasury and if it is not forthcoming there are many who believe he will immediately convoke the Fifty-fourth Congress and ask the needed relief of his political adversaries. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are many of the Republican leaders who are opposed to any tactics which will make an extra session necessary. They believe from a political standpoint that it would be bad policy and will not encourage or even abet any move looking to that end. Should Mr. Cleveland call an extra session he will be the second President since the war to convene Congress in extra session twice during his etrm of office. Until Mr. Cleveland convoked the extra session in August of last year no extra session had been called since 1879 when Mr. Hayes called an extraordinary session two weeks after his inauguration. That session was forced by several riders which the Democrats who had control of the House, had placed on the army appropriation bill.

SEC. HERBERT'S STATEMENT

About His Interview With Andrew Carnegie.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Secretary Herbert yesterday afternoon made the following statement regarding the later phases of the Carnegie armor plate affair:

"Mr. Carnegie came into my office and said he had seen my testimony before the naval committee of the Senate, and indicated that if the matter was to go on, he would make a proposition that he was willing to do anything that was fair.

"I told him that the newspapers had only published a portion of my testimony before the committee. I stated to him the substance of what that evidence was. Told him it had been published by the Senate committee, that he could get a copy of it, that I had given it as my opinion that the Quay amendment providing that the $140,-000 should be returned to his company in case the plates named should pass the ballistic test, ought not to pass: that the fine was imposed on the idea that the plates would not stand the ballistic test, although I might be mistaken, but whether the plates stood that test or not, I did not think he was entitled to the money because the fines had been imposed upon the company upon the ground that it had not made the plates so much better than the test would indicate, as it could have done. I referred Mr. Carnegie and his friends to that printed testimony, and they left without making to me any definite proposition, and without saying anything about suing the government. I told Mr. Carnegie that so far as the debt was concerned, the payment of the fine was considered as the final settlement of the question of damages."

FIRST TIME IT HAS OCCURRED.

Ex-Secretary Foster's Summons to Assist the Chinese Envoys.

Washington, Dec. 28.—The employment of Hon. John W. Foster, formerly secretary of State, to aid the Chinese government's plenipotentiaries in peace negotiations, is the first time that foreigners have been called in to assist in matters like these. Mr. Foster has lately returned to the United States from a trip around the world, during which he spent some time in China. He enjoys a quite intimate acquaintance with Chang, one of the plenipotentiaries who was formerly minister to the United States.

Whether there will be a suspension of hostilities pending the meeting of representatives is not known here in the Japanese legation; the impression here seems to be that the Japanese troops are concentrating at New Chwang, and that the victorious army will continue its march in the direction of Pekin. The question of an armistice after the plenipotentiaries have convened, and pending an agreement as to terms of peace, will depend on the powers which the Chinese ambassadors possess. If they are simply plenipotentiaries ad referendum, and if their recommendations have to be sent back to China for approval or disapproval, a long time necessarily must elapse before terms of peace can be concluded. If, on the other hand, their powers are conclusive, and the action of its representatives binding on China, the Japanese will be disposed to grant larger concessions in the matter of a suspension of hostilities.

POOLING BILL AMENDMENT

Requiring All Sleeping Cars to Furnish a Safe.

Washington, Dec. 27.—In the last few minutes before Congress adjourned on Saturday, Senator Sherman introduced an amendment to the pooling bill now before the Senate, providing that all sleeping cars shall furnish a safe for keeping passengers' valuables; that they shall be considered common carriers, and subject to all the responsibilities, laws and duties governing the same; that they shall not charge more than one-half cent a mile for lowers and one-third cent a mile for uppers, nor more than one-half cent for a seat in the same.

This would not materially reduce the price of a sleeper from New York to Cincinnati or Chicago, but in small hauls would make the cost of a berth very small. For instance, it is but 120 miles from Cincinnati to Columbus. There the price would be but 60 cents, instead of $1.50, as at present. The fine for a violation of the provisions of the bill is to be $100 for each offense.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The President has authorized the Indians on the White Earth and Red Lake Indian reservations in Minnesota to cut and sell the dead timber on their reservations, aggregating between 25 and 30 million feet, destroyed by fires and cyclones during the past three years.

Secretary Gresham stated on the 26th that he had been informed by United States Minister Terrell that the sultan had finally refused the request made by the President that United States Consul Jewett be permitted to inquire into the state of affairs in Armenia, and that that ended the matter.

TWO MILES A MINUTE.

An Electric Railway From New York to Washington.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Two miles a minute is pretty fast traveling, but that is what the projectors of the elevated electric road promise between Washington and New York, according to their bill now before Congress. And when such men as Hamilton Disston, Samuel M. Bryan, Noah L. Jeffries, Benjamin Butterworth, William L. Brown and Lewis A. Grant take hold of an enterprise of this sort and ask Congress to charter a road, which they agree shall run its trains at not less than 120 miles per hour, it seems as though they really believed two-mile-a-minute speed not only possible but practicable. So it may be that the residents of New York who want to look in on Congress for an hour or two, or the people of Washington who want to go shopping in New York, will find the round trip and the day's outing easily accomplished within business hours, or between breakfast and dinner.

The proposed road is to be, according to the bill introduced, an elevated track, sufficiently high that it may not interfere with traffic on the surface, may pass towns and cities either overhead or underground at the proposed lightning speed and make the entire trip at the rate of not less than 120 miles per hour.

The bill, incorporating the National Rapid Transit Railway Company, was introduced by Mr. Catchings, of Mississippi. Mr. Catchings knows a good thing when he sees it, and is not given to advocating crank schemes. It may therefore be accepted that the bill is drawn in good faith, and with the belief on the part of the persons urging it that its propositions can be carried out.

The bill authorizes the company to organize with $15,000,000 worth of stock to be increased to $25,000,000 if desired. The company is to lay out, build and equip the road from Washington to a point on the Hudson river opposite New York, with one or more tracks, to build upon what is known as the Brott plan. The road, according to the provisions of the bill, is to be elevated above the ground and provided with one or more side rails so as to prevent derailment.

When it passes a city or village it shall be sufficiently elevated to permit the passage of teams and traffic beneath, or else shall run under the ground so as not to interefere with traffic. The conduit for the electric wires is to be so arranged as to insure the safety of persons coming in contact therewith. The road is to carry passengers and mails, and may also carry freight if the projectors and managers desire.

They are quite a distinguished lot of people who are thus setting about revolutionizing the rate of travel. Hamilton Disston, as everybody knows, is the Philadelphia millionaire who is interested in railroads, manufactures, Florida products and everything else that makes money; Gen. Jeffries, of Washington and his son-in-law, "Bill" Brown, of New York, are the owners of that wonderful newspaper success, the New York News; Gen. Grant is a former assistant secretary of War; Samuel M. Bryan is the head of the telephone company of this city, and Messrs. Butterworth, Shelley, Stockbridge, Bliss and Hemphill are ex-Congressmen.

INCOME TAX TEST CASE.

Federal Authorities Think That It is a Weak One.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Assistant Attorney General Whitney has filed in the District Supreme Court a demurrer to the complaint of John G. Moore against Commissioner Miller, of the internal revenue bureau, in which he asks for an injunction restraining the latter from collecting the income tax authorized by the new tariff. The demurrer is very brief and general in its terms, setting forth that the complainant has not made such case as entitles him in a court of equity to the relief sought.

At the request of Mr. Whitney, the case is set for hearing on January 8. The case is attracting little attention among government officials, many of whom express the opinion that the complainant has absolutely no case. The officials of the Department of Justice regard the constitutional question as settled by a series of Supreme Court decisions, beginning with the Hylton case in 1796, when three members of the constitutional convention were on the bench, and ending with the case of Springer vs. the United States in 1881. They also believe that the plaintiff will find it impossible to raise the constitutional question in the present proceeding because an injunction is not the proper remedy.

CARLISLE'S INSTRUCTIONS

About Collecting the Income Tax From Officeholders.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Secretary Carlisle yesterday issued the following circular to postmasters and disbursing officers:

"The regulation relative to income tax, approved December 13, 1894, provide that:

"All salaries or compensations paid to officers or persons in the employ of the government of the United States in and for the calendar year 1894 shall be included in the annual returns to collectors on form 265 of such officers and persons in statements of gains, profits and incomes subject to income tax for that year. As income tax on such salaries or compensation will under the provision above quoted, be paid directly to collectors by the persons receiving the same, you will therefore not deduct and withhold the aforesaid tax or any part thereof, from the salaries or compensation of any such officer or employe in and for the year 1894.

"You will inform all such officers and employes to whom you may make any payment for services rendered in the year 1894, of the method prescribed for the return and payment of the tax on all taxable salaries and compensations paid by the government in and for said year."

POSTAGE STAMP ALBUMS

Said to be a Violation of the Federal Laws.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Felix A. Reeve, solicitor of the Treasury Department, who has been considering the question of the seizure of the postage stamp albums by the secret service men on the ground that they were an infraction of the laws against counterfeiting, has finished his report on the matter, and sent it to Chief Hazen, of the secret service.

In an interview last night, Mr. Reeve stated that he had partially sustained the government. He advised that the printing of albums be stopped and the plates seized and destroyed, but recommends that albums now in the hands of dealers be allowed to be sold in the regular course of business. The decision is based on the fac similes of foreign stamps in the albums, as the United States dealers do not print such fac similes of our own stamps.

Dealers here say that the effect of the decision will be to transfer the manufacture of stamp albums to foreign counries, where no objectiin to such work is made.

Important Tariff Decision.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Attorney General Olney in an opinion sent to-day to the secretary of the treasury, holds that an export tax imposed by a foreign government upon merchandise subject here to ad valorem rate of duty, or a duty based upon or regulated in any manner by the value of the merchandise, is not to be regarded as one of the "costs, charges and expenses" referred to in section 10 of the customs administrative act of June 10, 1890.

GOSSIP ABOUT CONGRESS.

Republicans Can Defeat the Currency Bill.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Among the few members of the House who were at the capitol to-day looking after their mail the prevailing opinion seemed to be that the Republicans had it in their power to pass or defeat the currency bill. The Democratic vote, it is said by one who has fully canvassed the situation, will be about evenly divided for and against the measure. The Republicans are generally expected to vote against the measure.

While the bill is far from satisfactory to many of the Democratic members who will support it they will, they say, vote for it because it will improve in their opinion the present situation. Judge Culberson put it in this way: "We are like a tramp," said he, "who has been ordered out of town. It doesn't matter much wether he goes to New York, Baltimore or Richmond. But move he must. The situation of the Treasury is identical. Something must be done to relieve it. If this bill does not accomplish all it should it will, at least, accomplish something."

Representative Bland, who has a free coinage substitute pending, is very doubtful of his ability to secure even a record-making vote upon it. Chairman Springer has already given notice that he will make a point of order against the substitute on the ground that it is not genuine, and Mr. Bland believed it will be the programme of the advocates of the currency bill to rule this substitute out on this point.

In the event it is not sustained, however, he says, that inasmuch as the substitute will be defeated in committee of the whole that fact will preclude the possibility of securing a record-making vote on his proposition in the House.

EX-SECRETARY JOHN W. FOSTER

Will Advise With the Chinese Peace Commissioners.

Washington, Dec. 28.—John W. Foster, ex-secretary of State, has been requested by the Chinese government to go to Japan and meet the plenipotentiaries of the former government, to aid them in their negotiations for peace.

He has accepted the invitation and expects to leave Washington within a day or two, sailing from Van Couver for Yokohama on January 7, unless informed of a delay in the departure of the plenipotentaries. The Japanese government has been advised of the appointment, and its minister in this city has expressed his satisfaction with it.

Mr. Foster desires to have it understood that he goes to Japan purely in a private capacity, as an adviser of the Chinese plenipotentiaries. He has no authority to represent or speak for the government of the United States.

CASH BALANCE IN THE TREASURY.

Deficit of Nearly Six Millions for the Month.

Washington, Dec. 27.—The cash balance in the treasury at the close of business yesterday was $153,857.54 and the gold reserve $89,064,651. Up to this date the withdrawals of gold from the sub-treasury at New York amount to $28,500,000, of which $8,700,000 was for export. The receipts from customs so far this month amount to $9,157,151; from internal revenue $8,240,150; miscellaneous, $1,172,198, making a total of $18,569,499. The expenditures during the month amount to $24,341,000, leaving a deficit for the month of $5,771,501, and for the five months and 26 days of the present fiscal year, $28,066,643. The disbursements for pensions so far this fiscal year amount to about $71,000,000.

SITE OF THE BLAINE RESIDENCE

Will be Used for a Grand New Opera House.

Washington, Dec. 29.—An opera house is to be erected upon the site of the Blaine residence on Lafayette square, in which the statesman died, a permit for the building having been issued by the district commissioners to-day. The Blaine property has been leased for a term of 100 years to Wood & Lavelle, Chicago. The historic mansion now occupying the ground will be torn down, the work beginning about January 1. The opera house is to cost $250,000. The new building will be constructed so as to allow a roof garden, the first of the kind in Washington.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The President has approved the act to establish a national military park at the battlefield of Shiloh.

The secretary of the Navy has prepared a letter reprimanding Captain Glass of the Cincinnati, for not being at his post when that vessel was passing near Execution rock last fall and struck bottom.

The United States steamship Yorktown arrived yesterday at Chefoo from Yokohama. At this point she will be in an advantageous position to observe the progress of hostilities on the Shang Tung promontory, and if need be to reinforce the Baltimore and Monecacy below Tien Tsin.

Governor Oates, of Alabama, who is here yesterday appointed a commission for his state, naming General Joseph Wheeler as chairman, to co-operate with the national commission in locating the positions of Alabama troops at Chickamauga and Chattanooga. This leaves but one state which had soldiers engaged on these fields without a commission.

HE SAW AN APPARITION

And Walked Six Miles in His Night Clothes.

Derby, Conn., Dec. 28.—John Connors, a man of 50, got ready to go to bed at 11 o'clock last night. Then without saying anything to his family, barefooted and bareheaded, clad only in his night-clothes, he walked six miles through a foot of snow and in a blinding storm to the home of his uncle, Michael McEnerney, at Orange. He was found there by a searching party in the early morning.

McEnerney was surprised at the appearance of his nephew, and the more so when Connors explained the reason of it. He said that as he was about to get into bed an apparition appeared and told him Mrs. McEnerney, his aunt, was seriously ill and so he had at once started for her home. At 10 o'clock an hour before Connors left Derby, Mrs. McEnerney had a severe stroke of paralysis which will doubtless prove fatal.

Connors is now confined to his bed and is not likely to recover from the effects of his long journey exposed as he was to the elements.

WILL INVESTIGATE KERN.

The Prosecutor of Chicago Under Grave Suspicion.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—The grand jury will to-day begin an investigation of the office of State's Attorney Kern. The first thing the jury will do in the morning will be to send to the office of the state's attorney for his account books. The attorney is allowed by law $20 for each conviction in which a felony is charged, and $10 for conviction on charges of misdemeanor. The number of conviction since Mr. Kern became state's attorney, together with the collection of fees for convictions, will be investigated, and the reports of other criminal court officials will be compared with the books of the state's attorney.

Mr. Kern declares that his accounts and records are all right, and that he is "glad to have the jury take up the conduct of his office." The investigation is the outcome of repeated charges which have been made to the effect that the state's attorney has been retaining more money than allowed by law, and that he has at times allowed offenders against the law who were possessed of a "pull" to escape trial.

Official Vote in Montana.

Helena, Mont., Dec. 27.—The official canvass of the state vote just completed is as follows:

For the capital, Helena, 27,021; Anaconda, 25,118; Helena's majority, 1,906. For Congress, Pals Corbett, Dem., 10,369; Charles S. Hartman, Rep., 23,140; R. B. Smith, Pop., 15,240; B. F. Maiden, Pro., 519; Hartman's plurality, 7,900. For Supreme court justice, W. H. Hunt, Rep., 22,143; D. A. Luce, Dem., 10,714; C. W. Reeves, Pop., 15,505; Hunt's plurality 6,598.

RECEIVED AT THE VATICAN.

American Naval Officers Introduced to the Pope.

Columbus, O., Dec. 26.—The eighteenth report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics has been completed and contains some interesting statistics.

Looking over the state it is found that the largest amount of capital invested is in breweries, the amount being $15,444,461, in the manufacture of soap and candles there was invested $5,795,812; in manufacture of strawboard and paper, $6,645,000; in manufacture of furniture, $4,276,772; machinery, $5,281,069; printing and binding, $3,504,247; agricultural implements, $11,054,618; boots and shoes, $2,931,844; boilers and tanks, $3,453,973; brick, tile and sewer pipe, $3,903,430; castings, $4,187,539; carriages and wagons, $5,-697,959; carriage and wagon materials, $1,143,432; railroad and street cars and ar furnishings, $3,675,000; men's clothing, $5,663,063; flour mill products, $2,-437,974; foundry and machine shops, $4,071,130; coffins and burial cases, $1,152,000; cooperage, $1,145,643; electrical supplies, $1,181,600; leather, $1,-880,690; sash, doors and blinds, $2,985,-536; stoves and ranges, $1,530,720; vapor, gas and gasoline stoves, $1,670,-000; tobacco and cigars, $1,435,781; wire rods and wire cloth, $1,104,500.

The leading industries of the principal cities of the state are shown thus: Cincinnati, malt liquors, number of establishments, 17; capital invested, $6,076,015; clothing, 42 establishments, investment, $5,592,063; machinery, 33 establishments, investment, $4,420,269; soap and candles, 6 establishments, investment, $4,955,000; boots and shoes, 30 establishments, investment, $2,270,944; carriages and wagons, 43 establishments, investment, $2,519,735; furniture, 43 establishments, investments, $2,628,231; printing and binding, 32 establishments, investment, $1,866,690.

Decrease in Wages.

In 1892 the 2,387 establishments in the state paid $46,563,930.36 as wages; 1894 these establishments paid out as wages $41,609,950.56. Dividing this among the cities it is found that they each respectively paid in wages as follows: Cincinnati, $13,770,917.87 in 1892 and in 1893 $12,155,469.87. Cincinnati has 662 manufacturing establishments.

Cleveland has 400 manufacturing establishments, which, in 1892, paid out as wages $10,136,040.07 and in 1893 $8,884,267.88.

Columbus has 91 establishments and in 1892 paid wages aggregating $2,234,701.76 and in 1893 the amount of wages paid was $2,085,061.24.

Toledo reported 86 manufacturing establishments, which, in 1892, paid out in wages $2,106,556.93, and in 1893 $1,986,605.13.

Dayton reported 102 manufacturing establishments which, in 1892, paid out wages amounting to $2,582,932.92, in 1893, $2,219,053.48.

In 1894 the five free employment offices of the state found employment for nearly 10,000 people, a falling off of 3,000, as compared with 1893. This reduction is attributed by Mr. Lewis to the dullness in all lines of industry, which was greater this year than last. The total cost of conducting all these offices was less than $10,000. Mr. Lewis says: "The enlarged opportunities of the immediate future for a more general and thorough application of the public employment office system, now tried and proved, should and doubtless will be met with more liberality on the part of the state and municipal authorities."

GURLEY DODGES A WATERSPOUT.

A Steamer Narrowly Escapes From an Ocean Cyclone.

Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—The Norwegian steamer Gurley, Capt. Taarvig, which arrived here Monday morning from Port Morant, Jamaica, with a cargo of bananas, had a narrow escape from total destruction by being swallowed up in the center of a mammoth waterspout, which was skillfully steered clear of early on last Sunday morning, to the southward of Cape Hatteras. The Gurley, after coming through the Crooked Island passage, met with heavy northeasterly gales and tremendous seas, and on Sunday had reached a position 80 miles south of Cape Hatteras. The weather was squally, and the sky indicated a bad storm. A small cloud appeared on the horizon, growing rapidly larger in its proportions. It was soon seen to be a huge waterspout making directly for them, traveling at a marvelous rate of speed. The ship's head was put around almost west, while the ocean monster shot past, just clearing the starboard rail. In its wake spindrift followed it on either side. It disappeared behind the southern horizon in a few minutes, and the rest of the voyage to this port was made in safety. The Norwegian bark Belt, Capt. Olsen, from Antwerp, laden with 1,000 pounds of prepared phosphate in bags, arrived here yesterday, after a long and tedious passage of 68 days. It experienced in the English channel hard gales and high seas, and these conditions prevailed until after passing the Western Islands. This is the first full cargo of prepared phosphate that has ever been brought here from Europe.

IN FILTH AND SQUALOR.

Ugly Reports From the Quarantine Camp Near Chester, Pa.

Chester, Pa., Dec. 26.—The 356 steerage passengers of the steamer Southwark, which was recently detained here on account of the death of a passenger from smallpox, are confined at the quarantine station in the most absolute filth and destitution. In an interview to-day one of the passengers said that a petition complaining of the food was signed by 250 of them, but the officials in charge suppressed it. It is declared that the food is not fit to serve to dogs. To receive it the prisoners are compelled to stand in line in the open air. One man who has money sent out yesterday and bought $27 worth of clean food for the mothers with small children, but the goods were confiscated because they had not come through the managers. The policeman on duty at the station said that he would resign because he could not see the little children starve to death. The entire camp is in the filthiest condition possible and it is asserted that no soap, water nor towels have been provided since the landing. Many disgusting details are related, and the officials of the city, fearing disease, will lay the matter before the Chester board of health to-morrow and demand immediate action.

BIG FIRE IN TOLEDO.

An Elevator Full of Grain Burned—One Life Lost.

Toledo, Dec. 29.—Elevator B, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Elevator company, was burned to the ground between 9 and 10 o'clock this morning.

The building was valued at $195,000, and insured for $135,000. In it was stored 562,156 bushels of wheat, worth 54 cents per bushel, 54,620 bushels of corn, worth 45 cents a bushel, and 562 bushels of rye. The total loss is over a half million, with insurance for $498,490.

One human life was sacrificed. An old employe named Chris Deinlein, a spoutman, was in the top of the elevator when it caught fire. All avenues of escape were cut off in an instant, and he was cremated in a furnace of heat which made the gale sweeping down the river feel like a hot simoom from a desert.

IS AFTER CHRISTIAN RIX.

Wanted for Embezzlement From the Singer Manufacturing Co.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—A Chicago detective started for Germany to-day to bring back Christian F. Rix, who is held in Hamburg for the embezzlement of a large amount of money from the Singer Manufacturing Co. Rix was manager of the South Chicago office of the company, and had been implicitly trusted by his employers. Early in October the first hint of his crookedness reached the main office, but Rix promptly explained matters and allayed suspicion by a detailed statement of his accounts. Soon afterwards he disappeared. It was found that for two years Rix had been systematically robbing the company, forging checks, giving bogus receipts and appropriating remittances. He was located in Hamburg by an attempt there to join his wife.

HE MISAPPROPRIATED $30,000.

Another Trusted Bank Clerk Has Gone Wrong.

New York, Dec. 27.—Edward R. Cadter, tranfer and coupon clerk of the National Bank of Commerce at 29 Nassau street, was arrested yesterday afternoon and charged with appropriating $30,000 of the bank's money. It is said that he confessed his guilt. Carter is 44 yeads old, and lived with his wife and two children, a daughter 22 years old and a son 12 years old, in Brooklyn; for twenty years Carter had been in the employ of the bank. According to the story he told to the police, he began his peculations twenty years ago, at first taking only small sums. With the bank officials he was not so reticent, as a statement made by W. W. Sherman, president of the bank, lated in the afternoon, shows. This statement is as follows:

"The National Bank of Commerce has sustained a defalcation by its transfer and coupon clerk, Edward R. Carter, amounting to $30,000. Carter was 29 years in the bank, and began as a messenger boy, being promoted from time to time, till he reached his present position. Among his other duties, he was required to receive and pay coupons and maturing or culled bonds. On comparing a balance this morning, the officers discovered a discrepancy of some $28,000, which he accounted for by claiming to have paid in error that amount of bonds before their maturity. When asked to produce the bonds, he was unable to do so, and admitted his guilt. It is not learned that he speculated or indulged in any vices. He claimed to have used the money in his living expenses.

"The loss, of course, is not a serious one for the bank, which has a capital of $5,000,000, and surplus and undivided profits of $3,500,000, but the defalcation is none the less distressing, as Carter had the confidence of all who came in contact with him."

Beyond this official statement, no officer of the bank would say anything about the matter.

IN THE POPULIST CONFERENCE.

Temporary Officers Have Been Made Permanent.

St. Louis, Dec. 29.—In the Populist conference to-day, the temporary officers were continued as permanent. A committee of five to prepare a plan for a methodical campaign of education, with T. M. Byron of Iowa, as chairman, was appointed. Pending reports by committees, considerable time was occupied by remarks upon various subjects, by members of the conference, including the recent election in Alabama, educational campaigns, etc.

The committee on educational campaign reported in favor of a club or lyceum system as auxilliary to the regular campaign work, but under the direction of a separate national committee, the system of organization to be similar to that of the older parties' clubs.

After considerable desultory debate the report was amended by striking out the clause placing organization of the club system in the hands of a new national committee, and referring it to the existing state committees. The resolution was adopted.

Upon motion of Mrs. Striker, of Kansas, the national committee was requested in considering out literature upon the Omaha platform, to include therewith a proper proportion of literature upon woman's suffrage.

Money, Crops, Trade.

A GOOD HOLIDAY TRADE.

Still the Record of 1891 is Nothing to be Proud Of.

New York, Dec. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says today: Commercial failures in 1894 already reported number 14,292, against 15,242 last year, with liabilities of $163,-238,404 against $346,779,889 last year. Next week the final report for 1894 will probably include about 400 more failures, with liabilities of about $4,000,000. From these accounts, banks, bankers, financial and transportation companies are excluded. Manufacturing failures already number 2,756, against 3,422 last year, but liabilities are only $64,491,287, against $176,982,091 last year. The trading failures already number 11,314 against 11,741 last year, but liabilities are only $87,899,957 against $130,662,333 last year. The statement by sections shows a decrease of about two-thirds in defaulted liabilities in the middle and central Northern states, one half in the West, and a third in other sections.

Holiday trade has met expectations. Purchases have been numerous, but smaller than usual in amount, and more confined to needful articles, thus anticipating ordinary trade. The volume of business represented by clearing house exchanges is 7.7 per cent larger than last year, but 21.8 per cent less than the year before, and the daily average for December has been 7.1 per cent more than last year, but 25.2 less than the year before.

Wheat has declined 1-2c, though Western receipts have been only 7,112,-098 bushels against 8,109,832 for the same week last year, but since August first receipts have been a little larger than last year, and the visible supply is the largest known. Exports in December from both coasts have been a little larger than last year, but for the crop year about 20,000,000 bushels smaller. The Western estimate, usually regarded with most confidence, is that the crop will reach 515,000,000 bushels, which will leave for export, with stocks brought over more than 200,000,000 bushels, of which only 75,000,-000 bushels have gone abroad. Corn has declined 3-4c with good receipts. The price of corn cotton has not changed, but the fact that the receipts from plantations this month have been greater than in 1891, while stocks in sight here and abroad are larger than at the same time that year, and an obstacle may rise.

Sales of wool this month have been 17,846,800 pounds, against 13,048,179 last year, and 21,302,300 in 1892.

The market for iron and steel is waiting, but the reduction in wages at the Edgar Thompson works, averaging fifteen per cent plainly indicates the same difficulty which is seen in other quarters, that the demand in consumption does not answer to the increase in production of pig iron. The shipment of rails for eleven months are reckoned only 700,-000 tons, of which only 200,000 is for new roads. Numerous projects for steel buildings are under consideration, but no important contract is reported. It gives some encouragement that the Bethlehem works have secured a contract to make armor plate for Russia, but the order for cast pipe for Japan is still in doubt. Prices have scarcely changed during the week, though Bessemer pig and billets are if anything a shade weaker. There is larger demand in nails, but in hardware, machinery, engines ans railway stocks and materials the business is much depressed.

Shipments of boots and shoes from Boston have been 649,471 tons in the past two months, against 584,229 in 1893, hitherto the largest year, but the difference about prices still checks operations.

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, Dec. 29.—Bradstreet's financial review says to-day:

Speculative activity has been at low ebb all week. Holiday influences check non-professional participation and make the larger manipulative forces of Wall street unwilling to do anything of consequence in the market. The special movements in a few stocks combined with limited transactions by some of the room traders have been the only features. It would also seem that there has been some closing up of accounts prior to the beginning of the new year, although the sales for this cause would under normal conditions be regarded as unimportant. London has taken no part whatever in the market.

Sugar, the leading speculative stock, was absolutely neglected and manipulation in it suspended. What trading there was centered in the coal stocks and Grangers, with some activity in whisky and cordage. Reading advanced to 16 1-8, but was depressed to 14 on rumors of a modification of the plan involving a heavy assessment. Jersey Central was attacked by bear traders and sold from 93 3-8 to 87 1-4, and the deferred incomes ½. The stock market at this hour is dull and heavy. Sales to noon 94,100 shares including 21,400 listed and 2,700 unlisted.

1:45 p. m.—The volume of business since mid-day has been extremely light, and the general trend of values toward lower figures. The bear hammer, were, with but one exception, confined to fractional limits. Edison Electric went off 1 per cent, and Lackawanna ¾ per cent. In contrast to the heavy tone of the rest of the list Delaware & Ohio made an additional gain of 1¼ per cent to 62, making the total gain 5¾ per cent. Colorado coal moved up 1 per cent. The market at this hour.

New York, Dec. 31—Money on call easy at 1½@2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet and steady with actual business in bankers' bills at $4 85@4 85½ for demand, and $4 81½@4 82¼ for 60 days; posted rates, $4 86@4 86½, and $4 89¼; commercial bills, $4 86@4 86½. Silver certificates, 59¾@60c. Bar silver, 59¾c. Mexican dollars, 48½c.

	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Close
A. C. O.	22½	23¼	22½	23
Atch	4½	4¾	4½	4¾
Sugar	89¾	89¾	89¾	89¾
C. S.	49			49
Gas	74	74¾	73¾	74
R. Q.	74¾	74¾	73¾	74
C. C. C.	73¾			73¾
U. L.	161			160
Erie	10¾			10¾
L. C.	85½			85½
L. & N.	38	38	37¾	37¾